

Missbehave!

HOW TO GET A HOT STRIPPER BODY FAST!

WITHOUT KIDNAPPING!

# MISSBEHAVE

FOR THE FASHION REBEL

*Heatherette*

AND THE RAPTURE OF  
**LYDIA HEARST**

*don't get  
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C'est  
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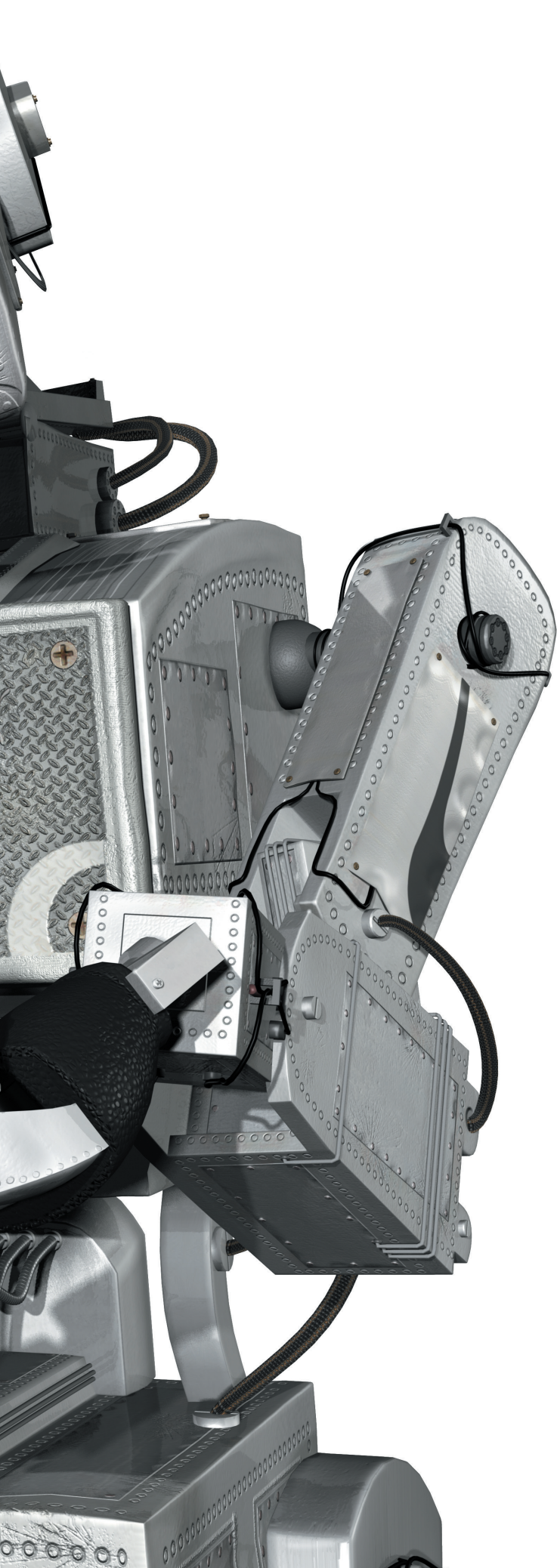












----- MESSAGE -----  
WOMEN'S MID BOOT  
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PURPLE ASH STRAP  
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ANALYSIS <SNUG>  
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## BOTTEGA MONTANA...

Bottega Montana is what happens when two Italian brothers find themselves living in the wilds of Montana making beautiful handcrafted furniture. Originally hailing from Rome, Marco and Francesco Gillia create postmodern furnishings and extraordinary skate decks from big chunks of fine wood. Molto Bene!

**Make  
Some  
Thing**





## MEET CARLO ROSSI.

Tasked with creating a piece of furniture utilizing the Carlo Rossi jug, Marco and Francesco came up with this, the Pedino Jug Table. The piece was made with one empty 4L Carlo Rossi jug, hardwood and good old Bottega know-how. But you don't need to be a master craftsman to make something from a jug. All that's required is a few empty jugs and a lot of imagination. For more jug creations and great wine info visit [www.carlorossi.com](http://www.carlorossi.com). Now go Make Something!

*Carlo  
Rossi*



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### ON THE COVER: LYDIA HEARST

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING ON OCTOBER 2ND 2007 BY BROOKE NIPAR. STYLED BY HEATHERETTE. DRESS & JEWELRY BY HEATHERETTE.

ISSUE SIX





STUSSY



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"Beware of originality. In women's fashion, originality can lead to the marguerite." -CC



**B**oy, I tell ya. Some issues are harder than others. This one was brutal. The past 60 days have been like the first 45 minutes of *Full Metal Jacket*. This shit right here? This is my rifle...

You train to get better. You scamper through the tires even if your earrings bounce, you do that shuffly thing on your elbows despite it abrading the tweed of your sleeves, and you wear cargo pants because...well, because you want to look like a big wide fatty with rocks for brains. Please don't ever wear cargo pants, not even in the shit. Thanks. Hoo rah.

And it's all for the sake of the Big Moment. And what better time to scramble over the top than the New Year. We've nailed the drills, and it's time for that blaze of glory. Performance anxiety is for losers! Adrenaline is for winners! Ask Heatherette, they know. Richie Rich and Traver Rains are killing it in 2008. They are going to be absolutely everywhere. Holy Rocco, would you look at Lydia Hearst on our cover? Send me an angel right now why don't you. Plus, speaking of altitude, we need to have a discussion about their slammin' offices on the 66th floor of the Empire State Building. Gangsta much? The building gets its own zip code. That's maybe the coolest thing ever. You know, to like, me and nine other people.

Whatever, judge me. Have a field day, I'm good at physics too. In my experience, you should always pursue what you think is dope even if it's a total nerdjam geekjubilee. Take Josh Schwartz, the television producer and writer who made kerbillions with *The O.C.* and is God to my DVR with *Gossip Girl*. Schwartz's scrawlings about espionage in a steno notepad in middle school were hella dorky until he got paper. Now all the shiksas in his hundred-mile radius are itching to convert. That's how it works.

Dare to be fascinated. Some people—your boyfriend, your dickswinging boss, and *his* boss—think the strip club is really interesting. And like inadvertently eating a bunch of bugs in your lifetime, the likelihood of finding yourself in a strip club is pretty high, so peep our Guide to Strippers to learn about what actually goes down in the Champagne Room. Here's a hint: *Halo 3*, Circus Peanuts, and cellophane. God's honest.

This issue's chock full of goodies. Painstakingly so. We have a tasteful homage to the ever-enduring style contributions of the most beautiful blonde the Western world has ever known—Kelly Bundy. We sat down with complicated and intelligent women (Jena Malone, Ellen Page, and Sasha from Jahcoozi) and marveled at the number of times the term "bell jar" can come up in a single magazine. We munched on Xanax, wept a little, didn't sleep, ate some weird stale choux pastry that found its way into the office and now, finally, this issue is finished. It's a good one. We unearthed more truth than an above-ground pool of sodium pentathol.

Banzai, bitches!

*Mary H.K. Choi*

Comrades: Richie, Traver, Lysee, Liv, Jules, Cintra, and Sarah Mark.

♥missbehave♥







## PETER RUBIN

We love Peter because he is a copy editing God. He makes our pages bleed in red pen, even after we've read them a bunch. He makes us look way less stupid than we are and we love him for it. Even if he only does it 'cause Mary stole his cats and he gets them back after this issue. This 32-year-old editorial ombudsman lives in Crown Heights and is married. When he was wee, he aspired to be a mountain climber named Butch Travalta. Today, he is the Features Editor at *Complex Magazine*. Peter's favorite eBay search is "Triple XXX Jugs." He says it's because he's a "moonshine enthusiast" but he's also a lactating enthusiast, so who knows. On a Friday night, this *Jeopardy* champion can be found with his drink and his two-step. Except, minus his two-step, and plus his wife. Awww. Barf.



## RILA FUKUSHIMA

Our favorite Japanese model returned to us for our Heatherette cover story. On location she smoked American Spirits and looked totally gorgeous all day. Hate her. Not really. Her first job was at First Kitchen in Tokyo, dishing out fast food. Her boss there forced her to work in a coffee-drenched white shirt until she called him an asshole and walked. Gully. Girl goes nuts for Kérastase hair products and sports a Libra tattoo on her wrist. Now this East Villager gobbles 'Shroom Burgers at the Shake Shack and models for all the big guys. When asked whether she'd get a pre-nup, she said "I am a pre-nup." Badass.

## RADIO ROSE GARCIA

Rose, who lives in Brooklyn, wrote our Brian Lichtenberg Star Search and the Hair Wars ADHD. This 26-year-old Scorpio loves to imbibe Jack and gingers and her favorite cartoon personality is Brittany from *Alvin and the Chipmunks* though she adds that she most resembles R2D2 'cause he's spunky and short. On top of writing, she's a fashion stylist/H.B.I.C. of Aroundthewaygirls.net... which is probably why that's her favorite LL Cool J song. Her life goals include owning an ice cream truck and the most expensive thing she's ever bought is a graffiti print D&G denim jacket that cost \$2300. Ouch.



## RYAN MICHAEL KELLY

25-year-old Ryan Michael Kelly lives in New York and was the photographer for our sinister "Dark Crystal" fashion story. We've been calling it *Evil Missbehave* in a super scary voice and going into the bathroom at midnight with the lights out saying, "*Missbehave, Missbehave, Missbehave*" just to see what would happen. Nothing happened. You may have seen his work in our video game beauty story last issue. He's awesome. This talented dude has shot covers for *Vogue Nippon* and *Trace*. [ryanmichaelkelly.com](http://ryanmichaelkelly.com)



## KATHERINE STECIW & CAMILLA MESHIEA

This duo, both 29, photographed our Kelly Bundy beauty story. The casting was apparently the best part—they applauded every multi-era Bundy girl in honor of the show. Kate and Camilla live on opposite sides of Prospect Park and just shot a cover for *I.D.*, an album cover for Heloise & the Savoir Faire, on Elijah Wood's label, Simian Records. They also shot designer Todd Thomas's collection, and are working on their first book. Both swear by Surgi-Wax waxing stuff, clothing by Uluru NYC, and the McDonalds #2 meal. [Kateandcamilla.com](http://Kateandcamilla.com)



## RACHEL GILMAN

Rachel styled the "Tie Dye For" fashion story this issue and also made the dope earrings therein. Residing in the Flatiron district of Manhattan, this 31-year-old lady worked as a design assistant for Betsey Johnson for three years and sports Betty Boop and multiple rose tattoos. Gilman advocates rescuing shelter pets urging "*Missbehave* cares! *Missbehave* loves the animals!" On that note, check out [myspace.com/newyorkercompanionanimals](http://myspace.com/newyorkercompanionanimals) and save a furry one. She's also styled for *Nylon*, *Vice*, *Elle Girl*, and like 30 others. [Rachel-gilman.com](http://Rachel-gilman.com)



triple five *Soul*  [triple5soul.com](http://triple5soul.com)

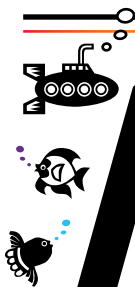




A person wearing a dark hoodie, a light blue t-shirt with 'MAD M' in pink, and bright pink shoes is standing on a bridge. They are holding a thick rope. In the foreground, another person is lying on the ground, wearing a patterned shirt. The background shows the bridge's metal structure and tracks.

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# ADHD



# 28 REASONS

## We Can't Sit Still!



**MISSBEHAVE X  
HELLZ BELLZ**

Holy Cannoli! *Missbehave* X *Hellz Bellz* Tees! They're soft, with a scooped neckline, a graphic of a *Missbehave* and *Hellz Bellz* girl, and limited edition. And you can win one! Rules for entry are simple and like the rules for entry when dating—give us presents. Send us gifts (non-perishable, non-Anthrax) c/o *Missbehave* Gifts at 261 Vandervoort Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211 and we'll send you a shirt. Best 50 win. Macaroni artists need not apply.



## RICH & SKINNY JEANS

Gag girls and trust fund babies, rejoice, 'cause Rich & Skinny Jeans are here! As if the rexi brand name wasn't enough, R&S takes smug irreverence to spectacular heights, going so far as to shoot their lookbook on Joe "Girls Gone Wild" Francis' private jet. Models partied so hard in these svelte slacks, that the coppers had to break it up. R&S is the stretchy lovechild of Joie Rucker, the überly cool jean designer, and Michael Glasser, the denim god who cast down Sevens and Citizens from above.

The 13 fetching cuts have silk-lined trimmings and names like Flashy and Saucy, for chrissake. Not to mention that the denim includes a high-absorption fiber called Tencel, which makes two-stepping with a cocktail at extreme altitudes a little less precarious. Especially since barf bags are notoriously tricky when shitfaced/hungry. [pinkmascara.com/richskinny.html](http://pinkmascara.com/richskinny.html) —*Qimmah Saafir*

## HOW TO MAKE A HOT TODDY ❄️

A hot toddy on a cold night is better than a hot body 'cause it doesn't bogart the comforter. Plus, it has booze in it. Inspired by a Trader Vic's recipe, this stuff is bomb. You can make the batter in advance and whip it out at parties!



2 1/4 cups brown sugar  
2 sticks salted butter  
1 tsp ground nutmeg  
1 tsp ground cinnamon

1 tsp ground cloves  
1 tsp ground ginger  
Bacardi rum  
Hot cider



Blend the batter ingredients (everything but the rum and cider) in a food processor until creamy. Scoop the mixture into a plastic container, and refrigerate (it'll keep all winter). Fill a mug half-full of hot cider, add 2 generous tablespoons of batter and dissolve. Add 2 shots of rum, garnish with a cinnamon stick, and pray for snow. —*Olivia Allin*



Snip & Save!





## daft punk's RAD

You know what I love? Daft Punk. You know what I love even more? Watching Daft Punk on mushrooms at Coney Island this summer. But you wanna know what's really dope? Listening to the new live Daft Punk album called *Alive 2007*, recorded in Paris. Fin.

—Brooke Nipar

## PRIVACY WEAR

Keep abreast of issues and cop some charitable fashion! Based out of Cali, Privacy Wear donates a percentage of its' profits to help fund cancer research. They educate the masses about detecting and treating cancer, all while managing to produce some cute clothes! With informative books, apparel, bags, and even shoes for both men and women, be mad philanthropic and look good while doing it! Peep it at [privacywear.com](http://privacywear.com)—Bonnie Black



## COCOA BAR



If chocolate was crack and Cocoa Bar was my dealer, I would've already sold this computer to get a fix. Luckily, I'm blowin' dro and Cocoa Bar, the LES purveyor of all things neat and sweet, isn't waiting on a shipment from Humboldt. Their little chocolate treats, like figs piped full of ganache and covered in dark chocolate (drool), are only the beginning of the experience.

In addition to being all about the cocoa, they serve sake-based cocktails, Intelligentsia coffee, and wines paired perfectly with each confection. Coupled with a dry sherry, Cocoa Bar's signature Chocolate Flight—a sampler of chocolate in five different percentages, 56, 63, 72 (my favorite), 85, and 100 percent—is intended as a conversation piece. This is less effective when you're a broke and famished *Missbehave* editorial assistant and "chewing" takes precedence over "chatting". With gift cards starting at \$25, the perfect present for the chocoholic in your life is weed. Oh yeah, and a Cocoa Bar gift card. [cocoabarnyc.com](http://cocoabarnyc.com)—Julie Davis

## WTF? H&M ONLINE



In a country where you can request DNA tests over the phone and Russian brides through mail-order, why can't we purchase H&M online? We can cop Target's GO Collection (not that we'd want to), Forever 21, and even TopShop via the world wide web, but if you want an inexpensive Swedish bib dress, and live in most of middle America, you're shit outta luck. Hennes taunts these United States with pictures of the Cavalli capsule collection, but not only are gowns upwards of 300 Sun Chip Grab Bags (the *Missbehave* intraoffice denomination of choice), you have to schlep to an actual store and get in line. Ugh, hoi polloi. All of Scandinavia gets to shop from their site and that's just unfair. Please, stop messing with us you Nordic minx and get it up. Or we'll kill you. America! Fuck yeah.—Evadne Umbers



# WANNA BATTLE?

## ROXY & JUSTINE'S FAVORITE SEXESSORIES

Party promoters Roxy and Justine are besties. And what do we constantly gab about with our besties? Sex! These chicas know that no *Missbehave* girl's sex life would be complete without a few goodies for enhancement! The duo sampled Pure Romance's naughty trimmings and the scandalous results of their P-party are in!

### "SENSATIONS" EDIBLE MASSAGE LUBRICANT

**Justine:** (In Cinnamon) This water-soluble lube heats up the more you rub it, which is an exhilarating sensation. Surprisingly, it wasn't sticky like...umm. Did I mention it doesn't stain either? It added pleasure to my "evening activities," but I think I'll stick to putting cinnamon flavor IN my coffee, not ON other things that start with a C. ★★★★★



**Oxy:** (In Green Apple) This lube makes ANYTHING taste like a Sour Apple Jolly Rancher. It covers up the nasty taste of a latex condom and even disguised the distinct aroma that accompanies a salad tossing. Trust me. I tried it. It's the most satisfying, tartly refreshing lubricant I've ever sampled.

★★★★★



### "BASIC INSTINCT" SEX ATTRACTANT

**Justine:** This concoction of pheromones and essential oils promises to "enhance romantic encounters" and "increase sexual desire." But when I conducted a field test, I came back empty handed. The compact packaging is a plus, but unless you want to smell like you've been huffing Glade Hawaiian Breeze air freshener, steer clear. ★★☆☆☆



**Oxy:** Yuck. Why bottle pheromones? And whose pheromones are you bottling exactly? Someone who smells like a cheap slut if you ask me. I could understand the appeal if it smelled like hot summer rain or Madonna's nan, but it doesn't. So I'm sticking with Christian Dior.

★★★★☆

ANTISOCIAL  
LUBRICANTS!

OXY

JUSTINE



### "WHIPPED!" EDIBLE MASSAGE CREAM

**Justine:** (In Orange Dreamsicle) I have a soft spot for the taste/smell of vanilla and orange. What can I say? I grew up on Orange Julius (Google it). This cream smelled and felt bomb, but it tasted like cough syrup! Even a dose of Codeine couldn't convince me to taste this crap again. ★☆☆☆☆

**Oxy:** (In Strawberry Cheesecake) I don't find joy in the idea of smelling Strawberry Cheesecake. But as an all-over massage cream, this is a decent product! The flavor isn't as potent as the lube so it's okay to use everywhere to make your skin soft and tasty. ★★★☆☆

### "PR POWER PLAY" VIBRATOR

**Justine:** Lawdy I love vibrators, so I was eager to take this out for a spin. It looked harmlessly dainty enough, but it almost burned off my bits and pieces! So irritating on my bare skin, it may as well have been a power tool! Unacceptable. ☆☆☆☆☆

**Oxy:** I'm a big fan of vibrators, they're good company on a lonely night. This sleek, compact bullet may only have two speeds, but it gets the job done. Add a squirt of green apple lube and you've got yourself one tasty party!

★★★★★



# CAESAR'S POCONO RESORT



## BEST SLUTTY HOTEL EVER

Caesars' Resorts are the coolest period. More love hotels than no-tell motels, the rooms at Caesars' Resorts in the Poconos come complete with champagne glass whirlpool baths, mini in-room heart-shaped pools, saunas, fireplaces, and vibrating circle beds. The Caesars experience is an absolute boinkfest, so pack accordingly. We suggest 12 thongs, 4 pairs of heels, 2 garter belts, schoolgirl skirt, and of course motion lotion.

The crowd ranges from Hasids on honeymoon to super-ancient couples celebrating their 4000th anniversary, so socializing is anthropologically weird. Avoid communal dinners, unless being propositioned by a Viagra-spry, 80-year-young "experimental" couple is your bag (as in colostomy bag). Expect to spend 92 percent of your time in your room and the other 8 percent partaking in activities such as archery, golf and maybe a comedy show. Expect a heavy reliance on puns and pop culture references for people who have lived through both World Wars.

Overall, Caesars is hot—you'll leave feeling spent, weak in the knees, sore in other places, and slightly dehydrated. Don't forget to take a camera, there are tons of photo ops. But ladies, as always, make sure you download before he does. A suite will set you back \$255-580 a night. Go to [caesarispoconoresorts.com](http://caesarispoconoresorts.com) for details. —Vixen



## CANDY COATS

Satin jackets are cute 'cause they're shiny. We like shiny things. Mostly 'cause we're magpies and steal sparkly objects to incorporate into our nests. Sometimes, we even put them in the hole of a tree for safe keeping. But then we forget where we put them and it's like that one scene in *Fargo*. Sad.

JACKETS BY HOUSE OF DEREON  
AKADEMIKS & HELLZ BELLZ  
JEWELRY BY MOMOBERRY



## DEAL BREAKERS

DO THESE THINGS AND GET NO ASS.



Chris Rock said that a woman knows if she's gonna screw you within the first five minutes of meeting you. It's more like five seconds. As a PSA to our male readers, here are 10 reasons why we can't possibly sleep with you:

- 10 Because you wear linen pants. 9 Because you have a tribal arm-band tattoo. 8 Because you're vegan. 7 Because you're a white dude who calls other white dudes "brother." 6 Because you're a Juggalo. 5 Because you wear dad (a.k.a. Jerry Seinfeld) jeans. 4 Because you wear girl (Sevens, Cheap Monday) jeans. 3 Because your eyebrow is pierced and the pussy-ass hoop has a colored bead. 2 Because you're an actor 1 Because you shave your scrotum so close that it looks like a hairless cat. —Mary H.K. Choi

KELIS ON...

## Child Rearing

I'M BOSSY!

KELIS



So, I've been thinking about kids lately. Not because I'm ready to have any—maybe it's just my age. Or maybe it's the not-so-subliminal messages my mother has been dropping lately. She's actually started purchasing things like mini picture frames with cute little Post-its on them that read "baby", and she's begun to strategically leave children's books around my house.

The older I get, the clearer it is that I'm not particularly fond of kids. Mainly because they belong to other people and are usually just shrunken replicas of their annoying parents. When I was a teenager, I envisioned getting married, having a bushel of munchkins, and living a life something like that ridiculous late '80s sitcom *Just the Ten of Us*. Ignorance is bliss. Just as attempting to have lunch with a girlfriend and her overzealous, badly-behaved 3-year-old is the best form of birth control. There you go Planned Parenthood—that's your angle. Better yet, spend an entire weekend with a family who has teenagers. Scared straight. Okay, harsh maybe, but if more people were as concerned (or terrified) as I am, there would be a lot more people prepared for parenthood. And a lot less unruly kids kicking the back of my seat on the redeye from LAX to JFK (which, if you ask me, is a win/win situation).

Bear with me here, I'm venting because I feel the need to get this out of my system so that I actually have a fighting chance of being a good mother and not completely ruining some innocent person's life. People assume that because God gave us the equipment, we should all go for the gusto and procreate. People also assume that we automatically have these maternal instincts ingrained in us, that we have enough common sense to selflessly and properly rear someone and prepare them for the world.

We have all seen tragic parenting from hell. Some people should just never be allowed to have kids. I mean, a barber needs a license to cut hair legally. Even my nail lady had to take a course and pass to do my fill-ins. Yet Jane and Jerome are bumpin' uglies all over the universe without a care in the world.

I am not delusional (nor crazy for that matter), I'm certain there isn't a way to filter or regulate something like this. But I just get to wondering—why do people assume that once you have a child you're all gonna get along? So many families are estranged 'cause they simply don't like each other. Scary stuff.

Contrary to how I may have sounded up to this point, I truly believe that everything has a flipside. Getting pregnant, giving birth, and raising a family is a glorious blessing. No matter how frightful it may seem to me at the moment. Until the day comes (and Lord willing it will), you can catch me biding my time at the "no children permitted" pools, restaurants, spas, and whatever other savory spots are left for those of us on birth control. Good riddance and God bless America!



# REDBULL

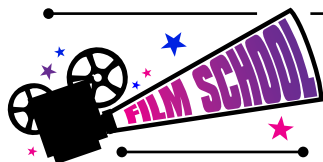


## FORMULA UNA

Redbull's Formula Una Ladies Award is putting the glamour back in Formula 1 Racing! Before every Grand Prix, Redbull selects 10 hotties to become Unas. The Unas battle it out, beauty-pageant style, while being judged by a top secret jury to win a spot for their country at the final Grand Prix of the season—in Brazil! Forget world peace and baton twirling, participants are judged on personality, looks, their passion for loud cars, boys, and their toys! Wow. That sounds hella exhausting. Good thing they're twisted on Taurine so you won't be seeing any Tara Conners in this pageant. This year's prize is still a secret, but last year's winner, Helena Ma from Germany, was presented with a Jaeger-LeCoultre watch and a trip to Thailand. Mixing one part hot chicks, with one part fast cars, and omitting NASCAR hicks is sooo *Missbehave*. Get racy @ [redbullfr.com/formulauna](http://redbullfr.com/formulauna)—*Julie Davis*



Yo! Remember Tamagotchi? You've probably got one in that time capsule you buried in 1995. Well, I'd love nothing more than to taxiderm the beasts that run free in my house, spreading giardia, peeing on down comforters, and pooping in kicks. But it's nice when something small and weak depends on you, which is why I fully condone adopting a Tamagotchi. These digital pets can be fed, walked, played with, and placated with the mere poke of a button. They're cheap, you don't have to pay for supplies like litter or Kibbles 'n Bits, and when they die, you push the restart button and save a bundle on cremations. Cop one at [toysareus.com](http://toysareus.com) or go vintage on eBay—*Olivia Allen*



# MR. BOND

**Title:** *Mr. Bond*  
**Director:** Raj Sippy  
**Year:** 1992

**The Pitch:** Bollywood Bond-a-likes: Yes, they DO exist. So let's focus our collective peepers on the candy that is Hindu mega-hunk, Akshay Kumar. With bargain-basement visuals, neon spandex a-go-go, and an unabashedly scanty budget, *Mr. Bond* rips-off the already mediocre "unofficial" Bond flick, *Never Say Never Again*.

**Why You Should Catch It:** Bollywood plots tend to be hyper melodramatic, and this mixed masala is no exception. India's greatest detective has spent his entire career bringing Bombay's most wanted to justice. No fancy techno contraptions here—just a damn fresh Casio digital watch! When international crime turd Dragon and his army of ninja henchmen begin kidnapping kids, Bond faces one of his toughest cases yet (not to mention India's worst-dressed pedophile). Dragon's ninjas even

sport the authentic uniform of the Japanese assassins—ski-mask, black T-shirt, sweats and white tennis shoes! As the bodies pile up, all holy hell is about to break loose!

Being a bonafide Bollywood banger, there are wicked song-and-dance numbers spliced into the script. As Bond begins his daily workout—muscles oiled and crotch stuffed—several Hindi honeybuns flank him left and right, and begin gyrating as the bombastic beats start bumpin'—it's an erotic aerobic workout video gone groin-achingly awry as professions of love fly. It's totally tandoorific, ladies. Another great scene has Bond infiltrating a huge opium den, everyone heavy-hittin' the pipe as Bond gets seduced by some sexily-clad vamps. It truly looks like it was filmed inside of a supervillain's mountain getaway, complete with hanging cages, flowing silk banners, and a sketchy bunch of tattooed thugs to match. Bond sings the praises of getting baked to a groovy synth track with some trippy strobe effects.

Can Bond save Bombay from Dragon's nuclear threats? Do the kiddies make a safe return

to their rich but disturbingly bored-looking parents? Will Bond ever be able to wash off all that massage oil and finally get his well deserved end-of-movie nookie? Grab yourself some samosas, tune out, and enjoy. Previously unavailable on DVD and out of print, it's finally resurfaced from Eros International, as a pristine subtitled film in all its hunky glory. Seek out this vicious video vindaloo at [indiaplaza.com](http://indiaplaza.com)—*Larry Conti*







## COME TO FRUITION

Fruition is a Sin City boutique with a dope archive of vintage streetwear. They're all about hot old school gear, stocking impossible to find throwback duds like M.I.A.'s crazy Hermès jacket from our last cover. Unsurprisingly, their collabo game is vicious. We asked co-founder Samantha Alonso, 23, to choose their hottest piece and tell us all about it.

**What it is:** Fruition Fluorescence—a Fruition X Dr. Romanelli. **What year:** Old becomes new within this one of a kind piece that combines a rare Nike Bollettieri (Agassi's tennis coach) crewneck sweater, Crazy Boy BMX fluorescent crewneck sweater (Circa 1988), and a printed fluorescent coat from the early nineties with Dr. Romanelli flavor! **How much:** Price upon request. **Why it's Fruition's favorite:** Because it's a beautiful glimpse into the limitless future of street fashion and a glimpse into the Fruition lifestyle. **Cop it at:** Fruition. 4139 S. Maryland Pkwy in Las Vegas. Fruitionlv.com—*Julie Davis*



Leah Rose is the music editor of *XXL* magazine and the co-host of "Lip Service," a talk show on Shade45, that airs every Monday from 8:00-10:00PM EST. She's also mean as gangrene on the made-up word scene. This issue's installment is...

**Verbal  
DialLeah**

**Intoxipreneur** (in-tox-i-pre-neur) *noun*. Someone who talks big money schemes when they're wasted, but doesn't do shit when they're sober.

**Usage:** "I just funneled a 40oz with Brian, and five minutes later, he turned into Richard Branson. Dude's the worst intoxicipreneur."



## YASI TRIES... GIVING UP AND GETTING A CAT

CAT  
SCRATCH  
FEVER



YASI

Let it be known that I do not agree with the title of this installment. I would have preferred something grander, such as "Yasi Tries... Answering the Call of the Wild" or alternatively "Yasi Tries... Communing with Sacred Animals that Ancient Egyptians Thought were Gods." Something to that effect. My Devil-Wears-Miu Miu editor, however, enjoys my humiliation, and this edition is her way of crushing my hopes like a cigarette butt beneath her Chloé lace-up booties (ed note: they're Jil Sander). That, though, is neither here nor there. One day somewhere between failed near-relationship #8 (in a series) and arranging to meet up with the dude who bought my panties on Craigslist (see "Yasi Tries" Issue 5), I begin to entertain ideas of getting a pet. Not for company and unconditional love, but you know, for protection. It ain't easy being this awesome and living in the hood, nah mean?

To be an official cat lady, I figure you need no fewer than three (3) felines at any given time. It is with this rationalization in mind that I happened upon [exoticpets.com](http://exoticpets.com). First instinct? Disdain. 'Cause seriously, people, who really owns a ferret? Then I spy an adorable saucer-eyed kitten. The Savannah cat looks normal, albeit a bit leopard-y, but what makes this pet exotic? I read on. What's this? It answers to its name? Can jump upwards of seven feet? Eats raw meat? WALKS ON A LEASH? Suddenly my cat fancies seem way less losery. I can have my cake and be cool too! Well, at least cooler than before.

The price tag is hefty at \$2,500 (yeah, I know) but my resolve is stronger than the Botox in Nicole Kidman's forehead. I find a breeder and place my order. The following weeks of waiting go something like this: Skin broke out—it'll clear up when kitty arrives. Cockroaches—kitty will eat them. Garbage disposal broken—kitty will fix it. Getting bad grade in Business Strategy class—kitty will tutor me. And so on until finally one glorious day said feline flies into LAX. And henceforth proceeds to ruin my life.

The cat, who I've named Toonces (after the best fictitious *SNL* animal ever), spends all his time under my couch, emerging only for food and to shred my ankles to ribbons. I try to pick him up as instructed by the breeder ("You gotta get your mitts on him"), only to have my palms come out looking like I got the stigmata. He takes the liberty of clawing his way through my (high thread count) pillowcases, pausing only to scoff at the scratching post that idly watches him from the corner. For sport, he shrieks petulantly for food, only to hiss at me when I near his bowl to fill it. It would be funny if the rejection wasn't so soul-crushing. When I complain to my breeder, she says "Hmm, that's weird, he was so friendly when he was here." When I complain to my friends, they say "Hmm, that's weird, he's a wild animal." I buy catnip toys. I consult Web sites. I join a Yahoo group. To no avail.

Other owners suggest I cage him. Incarcerated Toonces grows more miserable and starts making unsettling demonic sounds. Great. I coo, he screams. My nerves are shot. I begin to lose sleep. My breeder recommends an animal behaviorist (ha). My garbage disposal remains busted.

One day, I string up the white flag. I feed him and clean his litter, but otherwise treat him as a hostile freeloading roommate. Then, as I am lying on the couch catching up on some *Ugly Betty*, the evil asshole is suddenly curled up beneath my legs. That was two weeks ago. He is still far from the ideal pet, but the hissing has subsided somewhat and I no longer fantasize about bludgeoning him with the Chanel purse that I couldn't gotten instead. Plus I learned a few lessons along the way.

#1. I'm not cool and probably never will be. #2. There is no "instant fix" for life (save for psychics and astrology). #3. I should probably just *really* give up and get a normal cat already.



TOONCES





# PAT KIERNAN



Pat Kiernan, I like, love you. I lie in bed counting the hours before I get to spy your smug boyish swagger again. Each morning, I eagerly switch on NY1 to channel you, my New York local news DILF (Dad I'd Like to Fuck). I know nothing of what lies south of your tie clip but you speak so softly that the stick must be heroic. Walloping, even. I'll bet you smell like Old Spice. Please, you withholding Canadian, I beseech you to let me muss your perfect snap-on Lego hair. Allow me to adore you and rummage in your anchor man blazers that embarrass the sheen of Mayor Bloomberg's costly bespoke suits.

The news of some nutjob setting fire to a Bensonhurst donut store does nothing to extinguish the kindling of my loins, rendered thus by your knowing glances and tell tale smirk. See, I know that you know that I know. And now the ultrasuede cover of my Jennifer convertibles sectional knows, too. On my way to work, careful to avoid the subways with service interruptions that I learned from that morning's Rail and Road Report, I pick up my Starbucks Venti drip, and long for a triple pump. A triple pump of your man treacle.

Sugar dick, you're so often stoic, that I spoil for your

approval. I want your eyes to crinkle at *me*! I'll be extra good. Let me in.

It's your restraint, even when you were a game show host, that makes a Bottom of me. I'll even kiss you on the mouth (which I never do), as I deftly move from the Backslide Glide into the Jamaican Accordion. Quietly, so as not to wake the kids. Fuck the one-eyed babysitter, oblige me a glimpse of your one-eyed monster. Please? I promise I'll leave before you have to be at work. After our silent squall of lovemaking I can daub your bloodshot corneas with Visine before embarking on a walk of shame at 3:30 in the morning. It'll only be another 150 minutes before I get to see you again. Until then your love of trivia and games will keep my company. The playful riddle you whispered in my ear before I left that has me stumped. Mull as I might, I have no idea what has two thumbs and loves blowjobs.

—Mary H.K. Choi



# MAHOU BEER

Spain is really, really cool. Trust us: collectively, the staff of *Missbehave* has visited Barcelona, Madrid, Ibiza and Bilbao. We consider ourselves experts of sorts. We also love us some brew. So when we heard Mahou, Spain's most famous beer, was coming to the U.S., we got all excited and had to have it at Issue 5 release party. The beer is cool, crisp and a little zesty...we find this to be on par with ourselves. Olé! The party was a success, and now you, dear reader, can enjoy Spain's most famous beer, available in at select NYC restaurants and bars. mahou-usa.com —Samantha Moeller

## INCONCEIVABLE!

The geniuses at General Mills have done it again. Just when they dared dream of a food so tasty as Gardetto's snack mix, they soared beyond the perfect to reach the divine. Gardetto's has generously chosen to isolate the rye chip. Whole bags of 'em. What our sin-ridden souls did to deserve this, we may never know.

—mHkC



# DREAM WEAVER HAIR WARS BY DAVID YELLEN

Few things get me out of a stank mood—cupcakes, alcohol, new shoes, and centaurs. But now I can add *Hair Wars* by David Yellen. The pictures in this book could be made into hood hallmark cards. Got into a fight with your man and broke the TV? There's a weave for that! Fave team not winning any games this season? There's a helmet made out of Remy hair that you can make a poster of to show some muhfuckin' team spirit. Wanna see a dude wearing an entire suit made out of yak? This book's got you.

The hardcover showcases all the weave-a-licious hair gurus from the Midwest to the South. Some of the results are straight majestic, and some of them are straight, "WTF?" especially when you see homegirl looking like the parrot from *Zoobilee Zoo*. Wet and Wavy, French Refined, Spanish Wave, or European Straight, the Korean ladies on Crenshaw, Flatbush and beyond must give respect where it's due. —Rose Garcia





# Coppin' Spree



Hello. Hey there. What's up? What's hood? How are you? How have you been? I hope you are all doing well! As usual, I am writing my column on the absolute very last day of my deadline. I seriously can't think of anything good to write as an intro. I've already done the thing where I make up obnoxious lies about myself. Like when I say that I collect Ferraris and shit like that. I know what I'm not going to do. I'm not going to write anything like that at the top of this installment. I just need to think of something good and funny to kill some space. Hm... What should I write about? Fuck it. I have no idea.

Here are some things that you should go and get familiar with...

## PIERRE HARDY

You know I always like to put you ladies up on some footwear. For all you shoe lovers, check out this line of ultramegahotness. I have a deal with my wifey—whenever I lose my mind and flip on her or get into some big fight with her that is my fault, I am required to reconcile by buying her a pair of expensive shoes. At this point, I have bought her every pair of Louboutin and Roger Vivier joints



imaginable. I am constantly forced to discover new lines of \$500-plus footwear. Pierre Hardy is dope. Peep it.

## AGUSTIN REYES ROYAL VIOLETS CUBAN BABY COLOGNE

This is an amazing scent intended for little Hispanic babies, but it smells great on anyone. Who knew babies even wore cologne? That's right—I did. On the low, I even rock this sometimes.

## VOTE FOR BUSH

All that crazy, mad-nineties, land-ing strip, Mohawk Brazilian, porno waxing shit is played. I want my woman to look like a woman in that area. And when I say "woman" I mean the 1982 *Oui Mag*-azine vision of a woman. I wasn't ever super-feeling that whole bald style anyway. Right now, I'm strictly about what my homegirl Courtney calls "the Dorito," just a natural triangle of hair down there. That's what's up.



## IT'S IN YOUR BAG

Girls are always losing shit. My girlfriend loses her phone, BlackBerry, keys, and wal-

let about twelve times per day. I always say, "Baby, it's in your bag." Then she's all, "I checked there already." Then I'm all, "Check again." I am always right. It's always in her bag. It's also always in yours.

## LISTEN TO ROTARY CONNECTION

This is an amazing proto-psychedelic soul band whose lead singer was Minnie Riperton (of "lovin' you is easy 'cause you're beautiful" fame). Minnie was one of the best singers ever, and this was her breakout thang thang. She's also the mother of *Saturday Night Live* actress Maya Rudolph. Ms. Riperton died at an early age but left behind an incredible legacy of bangin' music. Check her *Perfect Angel* and *Adventures In Paradise* solo albums as well. Trust.



Hit me up at:  
matt@theclassstrip.com or  
myspace.com/mattgoias

LOOK HERE FIRST!



# INTERVENTION ANGELINA JOLIE



Angelina, stop frowning. We're not here to talk about the typical crap. We don't care about Brad, Shiloh, or the other kids.

Hell, buy babies 'til you're blue in the face, we only judge you 'cause you couldn't get a bulk rate

poppin'. It's called Economies of Scale. Learn about it. What we need to discuss is that we no longer want to have sex with you. You're reaching a point of unfuckability from whence even you may never return.

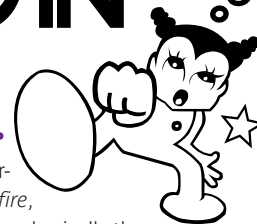
This is a problem. You were the one chick, other than Drew Barrymore circa *Poison Ivy*/Guess ads, with whom all girls wanted to rub muffs. Your eyes are intelligent and perverted and your breasts are so gloriously pendulous that they'd look at home on a heifer's torso. Plus, you were born with a rare genetic gift—a vagina for a mouth. A perfect one, too. Not the slack asymmetrical cock gobblers that look equipped with teeth in the way that people get calcium deposits in weird places sometimes. Whoa! I wonder if your pudenda totally looks like a mouth. That would be cool.

You were rad in *Hackers*, even with the weirdo Eddie Munster hair do. You were hot in *Foxfire*, even if the Brad Pitt molestation flick, *Sleepers*, was basically the same movie except way better. *Gia* was fucking incredible. *Girl Interrupted* was "meh" but in 2001, you became Lara Croft. Undoubtedly the largest simultaneous computer geek ejaculation in history. That's a feat.

Angie, these days you're nothing but a forehead vein in St. John double knit. Even your previously plump pussy-for-a-pucker looks deflated. Please, for us, eat a Hot Pocket. They have tender flakey crusts. Your brother can chew and regurgitate it straight into your gullet. It'll be just like the Oscar's but with calories. At the rate you're going, you won't even be MILFy enough for Maddox to have confusing jerk off sessions over. He'll cry after, but the old you, the vial-of-blood you, would've been into it. It's not like you're actually related you know? And besides, with your eyes closed, he sorta feels like Jenny Shimizu.

—Regina Ombudsman

WOMB  
RAIDER!







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## HOW TO USE A FLATIRON

LOVE-YOU-LONG-TIME HAIR IN NO TIME



When I see a chick with ironed hair that's about as straight as Chastity Bono scissoring Mary Cheney, it makes me sad. As a self-professed master of the flat iron (I have bomb-ass waist-length hair, yo), I'm here to give y'all bitches a follicular education.

**Bone dry.** If your hair is damp don't even bother, you won't straighten shit. I find that letting hair air dry (unless it's super curly) makes for the smoothest result.

**Lube the shaft.** Silicone-based products are shiny but do nothing to condition or protect your hair. Kérastase's Oléo-Relax serum will have your locks feenin' for the heat. Would you put Wal-Mart motor oil in a Maserati GranSport? Hells naw.

**Cop a good tool.** On-sale jumpoffs at Duane Reade that say "ceramic" on the impenetrable plastic blister packaging won't cut it. HAI makes the best on the market. A HAI ceramic iron is a splurge, ranging from \$124.00-225.00, but it's worth the dough.

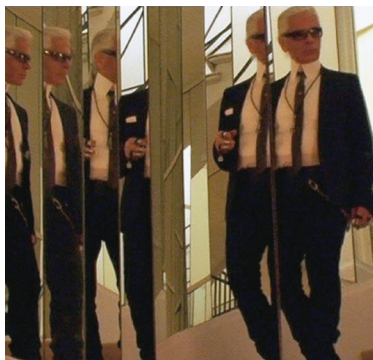
**Divide and conquer.** Split hair into small sections. Use clips, ties, babies' hands—whatever. The smaller the sections you iron, the quicker and more thoroughly you can get the job done, and the softer each pampered strand will feel.

**Brusha brusha brusha.** Run a comb through your hair EVERY time you pass the iron over it. Imagine you are ironing a shirt, you want to get all the wrinkles out, not set them deeper. If hair is tangled, ironing sets the tangles.

**Endless possibilities.** A good flat iron is the wok of all styling tools. It's like a super-heated round brush. You can straighten, curl, flash fry, and flip hair with a twist of your wrist.

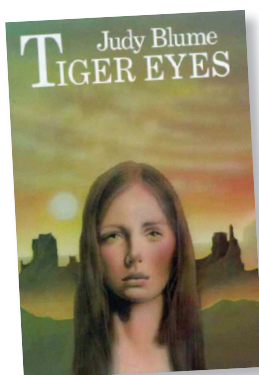
**Heads up:** The fog that billows from flattened locks isn't smoke—it's steam! Anything with moisture in it will steam when heated to 392 degrees. This is why prepping your hair with a good product is important.

Follow these easy tips and you'll be looking like Cher circa Sonny (pre-tree) in no time! —JD



## Lagerfeld Movie

Missbehave's favorite religious figure and style icon, Karl Lagerfeld, is the subject of an incredible documentary, *Lagerfeld Confidential*. French director Rodolphe Marconi's unlimited access to Karl's day-to-day life uncovers a bright and eccentrically witty side to the stoic and perpetually loc-clad fashion God. Karl's bedroom is stacked floor-to-ceiling with beautiful books, crystal candy dishes overflowing with rings (we're talking hundreds), and more painstakingly arranged iPods than the Apple Store stockroom. He has so much charmingly organized expensive crap, that even the most egocentric of OCD hoarders must give the Kraut his props (heil). The film has cameos by Nicole Kidman and Princess Caroline of Monaco, not to mention gaggles of other people who are probably way more important. Karl speaks intimately about his close relationship with his mother and tells awesome anecdotes throughout the film's runtime. We see him at home, in his studio, on photoshoots, at fashion shows, and even sketching! Yay! —Julie Davis



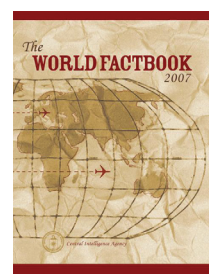
## BOOK CLUB

**Title:** *Tiger Eyes* **Author:** Judy Blume **Published:** 1981 **Synopsis:** Okay, this is one of Judy Blume's more slept-on numbers and even if it's not as juicy as *Forever* and there are no cameos from Ralph the Penis, *Tiger Eyes* is amazing and every girl with functioning eyeballs should read it. Hell, even blind people should cop the shit in Braille. Davey, the protagonist, has to move to Los Alamos, New Mexico to stay with relatives after her dad gets shot and killed manning his 7-11 in Atlantic City. It's heavy-duty stuff. She makes besties with an affluent alcoholic and meets this super-hot, canyon-dwelling, indigenous-ish dude of ambiguous ethnic heritage, who she kinda falls in love with. His name is Wolf and he names her Tiger Eyes. Sounds gay but it's actually way poignant. Plus, cello? Who doesn't love Los Alamos? What's cooler than atomic bomb trivia? Nothing. **Moral:** You gotta work through pain and not hide it in the closet to haunt you. Also, New Mexico rocks. **Cop it:** Amazon.com —Olivia Allin

## JULIE COSIGNS THE C.I.A.'S WORLD FACTBOOK



How many paved Airports in Azerbaijan? 27. I know that because I read The C.I.A.'s World Factbook. This is why I'm better than you.







# Cutest

## MISSBEHAVE Subscriber

How many *Missbehave* girls does it take to change a light bulb? BWAHAHAHAHAHA! Frickin' good one. Like we have time for mundane domestic details like "light." Come on, anyone who knows us, knows we outsource that shit to far less attractive girls with raggedy-ass nail games. Pshaaa. Besides, if you're a *Missbehave* subscriber you've got more important things to do—like shameless self-promotion.

Are your eyebrows perfectly symmetrical? Do you have astonishing taste in music and fashion? Are you able to get your ass on the worldwide web? Well then hurry up and subscribe so we can get you on this page! Seriously, what are you waiting for? I mean, look at us, we're like if magic, unicorns, and tater tots had a baby. We're spectacular. What we wanna know though, is if *you're* cute enough. So tell us, are ya?

**Name:** Rita Zass **Nickname:** My nicknames tend to be words that rhyme with my last name. **Age:** 21 **Hometown:** Los Angeles **Fave pasttime:** Dancing to really good and really bad music. **On your MP3 player:** Matthew Dear, Siouxsie, Daft Punk, M83, Christian Death, 2Pac. **Fave designers:** D&G, Moschino, Prada, Marc Jacobs. **You in four words:** High class, all ass. **Dipped in:** Top by BCBG, leopard tights from a random shop on Melrose, boots by Diba. **Shout outs:** Christina Zuleta, Kitty Kat, my boy Jeffrey, and mom and dad!

## NEXT TIME, THIS COULD BE YOU!

If you wanna get to muggin' for this page, email your name, age, city, photo, and the name of your favorite band to [cutie@missbehavemag.com](mailto:cutie@missbehavemag.com). Don't try any funny business, we'll be making sure you subscribed for reals. If you try any funny business, we will hunt you down and TP the trees on your lawn. Even if we haven't seen a real-life yard in, like, a kajillion years. Man, we miss foliage.

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# WHAAAM!

Pop rocks. From pop music to pop art, it's all simply delicious. We fancy the work of Keith Haring, Peter Max, Andy Warhol, Robert Rauschenberg, and especially Mr. Roy Lichtenstein, whose steez inspired these nails. We're not going to get all educational on you, but we totally paid attention in Art History 101. And not just 'cause the T.A. was fine as hell. Lichtenstein, born in 1923, was a native New Yorker and pioneer of the pop art movement. Now he's dead. Fortunately his art lives on, at the MoMA, in the homes of rich-ass art collectors, and now in the pages of *Missbehave!*

What we like most about Roy is that he knew chicks. His "Drowning Girl" depicts a soggy blue-haired hottie, indeed drowning, with a thought bubble that reads "I don't care! I'd rather sink than call Brad for help!" Word. Stubbornness is sexy. Even when your fish-nibbled, gas-filled corpse floats up to the frothy surface of the East River.

Other works include worried girls, emotional wrecks, and weepy chicks who wait by the phone and get stood up. Art imitates life. We imitate feral hellcats. We'll take these pretty little nails and scratch boys' eyes out. Hisssssssssss!

—*Samantha Moeller*



PHOTO: *Colin Michael Simmons* NAILS: *Christina Zuleta*





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**BB DAKOTA**



SHIRT BY MOSCHINO JEANS, UNDERWEAR BY  
AMERICAN APPAREL, EARRINGS BY GIRL PROPS  
SNEAKERS BY CONVERSE, JEWELRY & VINTAGE  
MOSCHINO JEANS ARE STYLIST'S OWN

# Ti Voglio Bene. Hardcore!

When people think Moschino, they think early '90s—gold logos, black, red, thickish eyebrows on Italian models with rectangular pouts. Sorta like a Robert Palmer video girl, but way less dead in the face. Thing is, as much as we lusted for all that awesome Moschino hardware, this fashion pigeonholing neglects a whole gang of sexy sartorial spectacles that were unleashed since Franco Moschino started his eponymous label in 1983, followed by Moschino Cheap & Chic in 1988. Though the designer passed away at the tragically young age of 44, the label has continued to bring that bananas-ness under head designer Rosella Jardini. Peep what you may have slept on.

PHOTOS: *Brooke Nipar* STYLE: *Sally Thurer*







MAKEUP: JUNKO KIOKA HAIR: CAROLINE PRINCE MODEL: ESIYN @ REQUEST

# MOSCHINO

**10.** Franco Moschino went to the Accademia delle Belle Arti in Milan to study painting, but got turned out doing fashion illustration [to pay the bills] for that other Italian genius, Gianni Versace, in 1971. **9.** Finding blind consumerism way lame but potentially hilarious, Moschino embroidered things like “Expensive Jacket” on the back of a cashmere blazer and “Bull Chic” on a matador-inspired getup. Dope idea, but confusing for post-ironic hipsters. **8.** His disregard for established European fashion houses led to copyright battles with Louis Vuitton and Chanel. He emblazoned a T-shirt with a TV and the slogan “Channel No. 5.” Sorry Karl, but that’s hysterical. **7.** Moschino was a little embarrassed by his success and would spout blatant insults at his fawning fans that were oft misunderstood. Before a show, he left moo-boxes (you know, those things you shake to get cattle noises) on big-willie fashion editors’ seats. The implication: You are dull bovines with no original thought. The result: Rote and enthusiastic applause. **6.** Sign bearers at the 2006 Winter Olympics sported scenic Moschino costumes for the opening ceremony. He sent placard bearers out in padded skirts with snowy hills, trees, and twinkling villages. Gorgeous slopes and lush bushes are awesome. No homo. **5.** Way ahead of his time, Franco made eco-couture in 1994 with environmentally-friendly fabrics and dyes. Now everyone’s trying to pretend they invented it. Stupid Bono’s wife. Franco was way green more than a decade ago. You know, back when people were freaking out about the hole in the ozone. Hmm... did that go away? We don’t hear about that anymore... **4.** The Franco Moschino Foundation was founded after the designer’s death to help HIV positive children. Smart, well-dressed, and proactive... sigh. Pour out a little Chianti. **3.** The company is planning on opening its first hotel in Milan in 2008. Since it’s designed by the Moschino creative team, it’s going to be stylish, whimsical, irreverent—and if it’s anything like the rest of Italy, closed in the afternoon for napping. **2.** As an homage to Moschino’s signature madcap style, Rosella Jardini killed retro femininity, combining slogan T-shirts with giant gold peace signs in their fall Ready-to-Wear show. Clearly, the brand is still on the subversive. More clearly, we’d still kill our grandmothers to get our paws on it. **1.** Moschino once said that fashion designers “always kiss each other so much not because they’re fond of each other, but so that they can whisper fresh insults into each other’s ears.” Which is so classy, European, and subtle—since most of the time our frenemies get punched in the face.—*Olivia Allin*

PATENT SHOES BY MOSCHINO, EARRINGS  
BY GIRL PROPS, UNITARD AND VINTAGE  
MOSCHINO VEST & BELT ARE STYLIST’S OWN



# VERTIGO

Two Tone  
Knockouts









# SMOKIN' ROCKS

62-CARAT LEMON CITRINE WITH  
SCARECROW & WITCH DETAIL AND  
DIAMONDS, SET IN 18K GOLD. \$15,000  
92-CARAT AMETHYST WITH CITRINES,  
BLACK DIAMONDS & PINK SAPPHIRES  
SET IN 18K BLACK GOLD. \$32,000

PHOTO: *Carlin Meyer*  
NAILS: *Christina Julietta*

## Bombastic Baubles from Bastion

Behold the rainbow of candy-like gems and shiny metals that are Bastion—the jewelry line of sculptor and fashion designer turned jeweler, Ramona Boucher. When she's not embellishing the clavicles of anonymous royals, or contributing to Dame Elizabeth Taylor's jaw-dropping personal collection, the 29-year-old Filipina is busy whipping up twinkling, one-of-a-kind masterpieces and serving as an official jeweler for the *Sex in the City* Movie, which drops May of 2008.

With five conflict-free collections to choose from and endless possibilities for colored diamond customization, Boucher's pieces are the conspicuous answer to generic jewelry. A ring (pictured above) from Bastion's Rock Star Collection, has black diamond spikes that flank a 92-carat amethyst centerpiece (set in black gold) and is enough to make me swear off rap music for life.

Bastion's Vatican Collection is a spoof on a cache that the Vatican is rumored to have tucked away in a Spanish monastery. It envisages the church and its flock as predatory and endangered animals (respectively), with sprinkles of diamonds and pink sapphires framing the line's gargantuan stones (the smallest is 68 carats). Bastion knows no bounds as too big, or too expensive—made crystal clear by their whopping 350-carat superfine citrine ring and price points that make college tuition seem cheaper than a pack of Tijuana chiclets.

In person, these rings are so big and beguiling that I (briefly) contemplated Maria Full of Gracing a few of the suckers for my niño's future. Even if sifting through your own excrement is not that classy. Get your fingers bangin' at [thebastion.com](http://thebastion.com)

—Julie Davis





the streets  
need me!

AKOMIS

New York

the streets  
need me!

DON'T  
LET  
THESE  
SHOES  
FOOL  
YOU

YA LOVE IT



# HAND JOBS

Spit Shiny Clutches



PHOTO: *Carlin Mayer* STYLE: *Allison Miller*





# MARRIED TO THE MOB





# Betty Boop

Did you know that Betty Boop used to be a dog? As in, canine, not like, appalling in the face. When the former French poodle inexplicably turned into a Jewish human, she was the first female cartoon character to bear boobs and a booty. Way taboo back in 1932 when bubbe was praying for her period. Boop lived in a depression-era Lower East Side tenement and started getting the Hebrews heated by gallivanting around with shady characters voiced by Cab Calloway and Louis Armstrong. The pair, true to racist old-school cartoon form, tried to push her into smoking opium but our girl stayed strong and didn't kick that gong. Amidst KKK threats and censors covering up her garter, Betty fended off critics with a coy and completely nonsensical, "you can't take my boop-oop-a-doop away." Who cares that she stayed dating a dog named Bimbo long after trading her poodle ears for gold hoops? Interspecies coupling is the new interracial dating and besides, bestiality is for champions.—*Olivia Allin*



MOON: ANDRES BEDOYA HAIR: SEIJI @ THE WALL GROUP, MAKEUP: JUNKO KIOKA, MODEL: BREA @ MUSE

PHOTO: *Jeremy Lieberman* STYLE: *Sally Thurmer*

SWIMSUIT BY **NORMA KAMALI**, GARTER BY  
**BETSEY JOHNSON**, SHOES BY **AGATHA RUIZ**  
**DE LA PRADA**, EARRINGS BY **GIRL PROPS**





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# EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE

## Handle With Care



CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT:  
ROLLER SUITCASE BY **YAK PAK**, HATBOX BY  
**YAK PAK**, TROLLEY FROM **FLIGHT001**, HATBOX BY **LULU GUINNESS**  
BAG BY **GOORIN BROTHERS**, ROLLING DUFFEL BY **DICKIES**, CARRY  
ON BY **JC DE CASTELBAJAC FOR TOY TOY**, BAG & HEART LUGGAGE  
TAG BY **LOUNGE FLY**, VODOO OVERNIGHT BAG BY **LE SPORTSAC**  
LUNCHBOX WEEKENDER BY **LE SPORTSAC**, WEEKENDER BY **OILILY**  
WHEELIE SUB BY **BURTON**, BEAUTY CASE BY **SAMSONITE BLACK LABEL**

PHOTO: *Christopher Porzio*

STYLE: *Allison Miller*

PROP STYLED BY CHRISTINA NITCHE, LEG MODEL: LINDSY WHITTEN, MARKET EDITOR: JENNIE PACK







*gimme like my style*

# DAS BOOT

For Deez Feetz

DAWN BY  
FANTASY

GIESSEN  
LACE-UP BY  
PALLADIUM

WANDA BY  
LUICHINY

MINX BY  
FANTASY

1460 8 EYE  
BOOT BY DR.  
MARTENS

PHOTO: *Majchrzak + Morel* STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*





[Noiranwar.org](http://Noiranwar.org) to learn more.  
[DigitalGravel.com](http://DigitalGravel.com) for \$5 t-shirts.



# So icy

Frostbitten  
Smitten

PHOTO: *Majchrzak + Morel*

STYLE: *Betsy McLain*

SUGAR CANE  
VERNIS BY DIOR

SPARKLING  
SHIMMER SPRAY BY  
FREDERIC FEKKAI

LIBERTANGO  
EYESHADOW BY  
VINCENT LONGO

QUICK FROST  
PIGMENT BY  
M.A.C.

DELFT PAINT  
POT BY M.A.C.

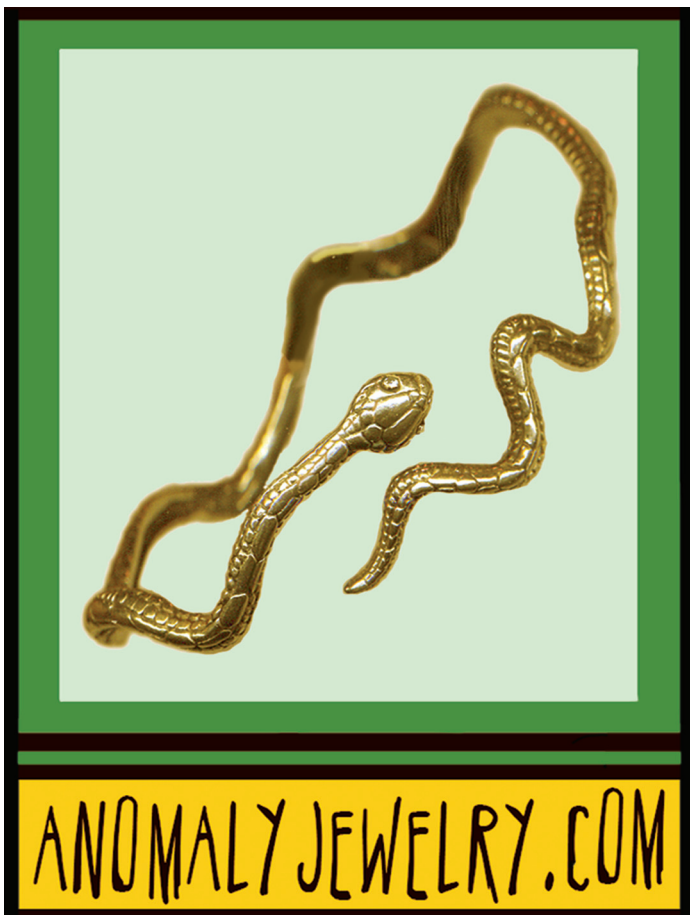
FROSTED PALE PINK  
EYESHADOW BY  
SHU UEMURA

CRYSTAL GLITTER STIX  
BY POP BEAUTY

STROBE LIGHT  
LIGHT BEAM LIPGLOSS  
BY RIMMEL

AMETHYST  
EYESHADOW  
BY PIAFFE





cleanliness is next to cultliness



hellz bellz • married to the mob • freshjive  
 10 deep • rebel8 • kendo • darkhorse • ssur  
 keep • kova&t • bijulesnyc • sneaktip • staple  
 madame • dimepiece • grandma's glock • mama  
 claw money • pointer footwear • ikks • pg • sexerz  
 cal nouveau • mishka • insight • wesc • goudada  
 king stampede • lush life • chris glancy photo  
 missbehave magazine • powerhouse books

cultistshop.com





# AMBITIONZ OF A RIDAH

PHOTOS: *Stephen Schuster*

STYLE: *Allison Miller*

## Burton Vacation Awesome Time!

Greetings my greedy little fashion goblins, I have something marvelous to tell you. Burton, our lovely snowboarding friends who insist on spoiling you, is again blessing one *Missbehave* reader with the chance to win a stupefying potpourri of presents! Yep, a pot-fuhreakin'-pourri. Check it, the *Missbehave* winner will be dipped in EVERYTHING you'd need to frolic in a winter wonderland—board, bindings, boots, jacket, snow pants, super cute and toasty underpinnings, beanie, gloves, socks, goggles, helmet, board bag, and a backpack. Plus, peep the gear people, it's just as bangin' on the slopes or in the city. Yes'm.

That's not all, the winner will be entered to win a Grand Prize with a choice of not one but TWO vacation packages. To Winter Park Resort or Baldface Lodge; both including airfare,

### OFFICIAL RULES

- NO PURCHASE NECESSARY
- No fee to enter
- A purchase will not improve your chances of winning

Contest begins at 12:01 AM on November 1, 2007 and ends at 11:59 PM on February 1, 2008, when all entries must be received. Entry into this sweepstakes automatically enters you into the "Because of Snowboarding Contest".  
<http://missbehavemag.com/burton/rules.html>

### ENTRY IN THIS CONTEST CONSTITUTES YOUR ACCEPTANCE OF THESE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

Sponsored by BURTON SNOWBOARDS ("Burton"), located at 80 Industrial Parkway, Burlington, Vermont U.S.A., WINTER PARK RESORT ("Winter Park"), located at 85 Parsenn Road, Winter Park, CO 80482 U.S.A., BALDFACE LODGE, located at P.O. Box 906, Nelson, British Columbia, V1L 6A5 Canada ("Baldface") and *Missbehave*, located at 261 Vandervoort Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211. Burton, Winter Park, Baldface and *Missbehave*, including their respective subsidiaries, affiliates, agents, advertising, promotion and production agencies, are collectively referred to herein as the "Sponsors".

### ELIGIBILITY

This contest is only open to legal residents of the continental United States (excluding RI) and Canada (excluding Quebec) who are 18 years of age or older as of the date of entry. Void where prohibited. It is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Employees of Sponsors and their immediate family members (parents, children, siblings and spouses of children or siblings) and household members are not eligible. Winner of the Baldface Grand Prize (as described below) must be at least 19 years of age or older.

### ENTRY

To enter, either (1) visit [missbehavemag.com/burton](http://missbehavemag.com/burton), complete the entry form and submit it as instructed; or (2) submit a 3" x 5" postcard to *Missbehave* at the address listed at *Because of Snowboarding* c/o *Missbehave Magazine*, 261 Vandervoort Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211. Include your *Because of Snowboarding* story - brevity is

preferred. Because of Snowboarding is a phrase Burton is using this year to share the many aspects of women's snowboarding. It is about riding, but it is also about friendship and community and being unconventional and traveling around the world, having new experiences and most importantly having FUN. Because of Snowboarding is a way to realize all the extraordinary things you can do and all the amazing people you can meet on and off the mountain. What's your story? We want to hear how snowboarding inspires your life, whether it's learning to ride, mastering a new trick or simply living by your own rules. If you haven't learned to snowboard, here's your chance to tell us why you want to learn and win a chance to learn how to ride. These are the only methods of entry. One entry per person/email address. Entries that are lost, late, misdirected, incorrect, garbled, or incompletely received, for any reason, including by reason of hardware, software, browser, or network failure, malfunction, congestion, or incompatibility at Sponsors' servers or elsewhere, will not be eligible. Sponsors are not responsible for any lost, late, delayed, illegible, incomplete, mutilated, or misdirected entries. Sponsors, in their sole discretion, reserve the right to disqualify any person tampering with the entry process or the operation of the web site. Use of bots or other automated process to enter is prohibited and may result in disqualification at the sole discretion of Sponsors. Sponsors further reserve the right to cancel, terminate or modify any promotion not capable of completion as planned, including by reason of infection by computer virus, bugs, tampering, unauthorized intervention, force majeure or technical failures of any sort. In the event of a dispute, entries will be deemed submitted by the authorized account holder of the email address submitted at the time of entry. "Authorized account holder" is defined as the natural person who is assigned to an e-mail address by an Internet Access Provider, online service provider, or other organization (e.g., business, educational institute) that is responsible for assigning e-mail addresses for the domain associated with the submitted e-mail address. Sponsors are not responsible for errors in the administration or fulfillment of this sweepstakes, including without limitation mechanical, human, printing, distribution or production errors, and may modify or cancel this promotion based upon such error at its sole discretion without liability.

### ALL SUBMISSIONS

All submissions become the property of Sponsors and will not be acknowledged or returned. Potentially offensive entries to the "Because of Snowboarding Contest" will

not be considered. Responses must be your own original language, not anyone else's copyrighted and/or trademarked words. You assign all of your rights in your entry, including copyright, to Sponsors. You hereby give Sponsors the absolute right to use your response for any lawful purpose whatsoever in any and all forms of media, in relation to this contest. You hereby waive any right that you may have to inspect or approve the finished products, if any, that use your entry and any compensation resulting from the entry you submit.

All entries are subject to verification. Any entry that is tampered with, counterfeited, illegible, mutilated, reproduced, contains printing or other errors, obtained where prohibited or not obtained legitimately, is null and void.

### SUBMISSION REVIEW

All entries will be judged based on originality (25%), creativity (25%), passion for riding or learning to ride (50%) by a panel of Burton and *Missbehave* representatives. The one (1) entry with the highest overall score will be declared the potential winner. In the event of a tie, the potential winner will be decided based on the passion for riding or learning to ride criteria. Potential winner will be notified by mail and/or email on or about February 28, 2008. If potential winner cannot be contacted, does not respond within five (5) days, or the prize or prize notification is returned as undeliverable, such potential winner forfeits all rights to any prize and an alternate winner may be selected.

### PRIZE AND ITS APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUE ("ARV")

There is one (1) prize consisting of: one (1) Burton GTwin snowboard, one (1) pair of Burton Lexa bindings, one (1) pair of Burton Sapphire boots, one (1) Burton snowboard Z1 System jacket, one (1) pair of Burton Cargo Elite snowboard pants, one (1) first layer Expo crew top, one (1) first layer Expo bottom, one (1) Burton Buell beanie hat, one (1) pair of Burton Approach gloves, one (1) pair of Burton Spots & Dots socks, one (1) pair of Anon Majestic goggles, one (1) R.E.D. Women's Hi-Fi helmet, one (1) Burton Wheelie Gig board bag, one (1) Burton Women's Day Hiker backpack. Approximate retail value \$1800.00.

The winner of the above mentioned prize will have their *Because of Snowboarding* story entered into a round of judging for one (1) of two (2) Grand Prizes. Each Grand Prize winner will be judged based on the same criteria as the first prize winner.

MAKEUP: CHRISTINA ZULETA. HAIR: REBECCA NAFTZGER FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE. MODEL: COURTNEY





hotel, and lift tickets for you and a homie for five (5) days! Cello? How dope is that?

To enter, all you gotta do is finish this sentence: "Because of Snowboarding..."

Tell us how snowboarding has changed your life. Maybe you met your hardcore bestie barreling down a mountain. Maybe your quads have never been more diesel and the serendipitous confidence translated into some plum job where you make tons of loot. Oooh! Or maybe you'd met your mega hot boyfriend going up a lift, but whilst perfecting a trick, you achieved some crazy nirvana and realized he was lame, dumped his ass and have never been happier.

Or if you've never ever been snowboarding, tell us why you'd like to. Maybe you're awesome at it and you don't even know it yet. Maybe you're *aching* to say things like, "shred the gnar gnar" and mean it. The vernacular alone is better than epic.

Keep your entry snappy. Brevity is for champs. It has to be original content and will be judged on enthusiasm and passion. To enter you have to be at least 18. And to go to Baldface, you have to be at least 19. One entry per person. Enter to win starting November 1, 2007, the final entry must be received by February 1, 2008. Winners will be notified by February 28, 2008. Entries should be sent to [missbehavemag.com/burton](http://missbehavemag.com/burton).

Dude, sometimes the good stuff happens when you least expect it. Word to Penicillin.

OPPOSITE PAGE: NETWORK HOODIE BY ANALOG

GRANDMAMA HAT, CARGO ELITE SNOWBOARD PANTS

EMERALD BOOTS & TROOP BOARD BY BURTON

THIS PAGE: PARKS JACKET BY B BY BURTON, ROCK SALT

TOKYO PRINT PANT, LOGO TEE & TANK BY BURTON

The two (2) entries with the highest overall scores will be declared the Grand Prize winners. Choice of Winter Park or Baldface Grand Prize package will be determined at Burton's sole discretion based on winner's riding ability. Note that Baldface is an all mountain resort which includes all conditions and all terrain. The Baldface winner should be able to ride any terrain at any major resort in the world. Baldface has steep, treed slopes with lots of pillows and terrain features. The Baldface winner should be able to zoom around the mountain and jib and jump and most of all smile the whole way through it! The Grand Prize shall consist of either (A) a Grand Prize package to Winter Park Resort, which includes: roundtrip airfare for two (2) to Winter Park Resort; roundtrip transportation (shuttle, etc.) for two (2) from an airport in the 48 adjacent states of the United States to Winter Park Resort; resort lodging for two (2) at Winter Park Resort for five (5) days; resort lift tickets for two (2) for five (5) days (ten (10) days total) (such lift tickets to be redeemed by Grand Prize Winner on or before February 15, 2009, after which time the lift tickets shall expire); snowboard rental equipment for two (2) for five (5) days; and (3) lessons of winner's choice (i.e. beginner, freestyle, etc.); or (B) a Grand Prize package to Baldface Lodge, which includes: roundtrip airfare for two (2) to Baldface Lodge; roundtrip transportation (shuttle, etc.) for two (2) from an airport in the 48 adjacent states of the United States to Baldface Lodge; and resort lodging for two (2) at Baldface Lodge for five (5) days. Approximate total value of the Winter Park prize package is Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (USD \$4500.00). Approximate total value of the Baldface prize package is Seven Thousand Eight Hundred Eighteen Dollars (USD \$7818.00). Odds of winning will be based upon the number of contest entries received.

Winner will be solely responsible for all federal, state and local taxes, license fees or other costs. Sponsors are not responsible for delays in delivery of any prize, and delivery is subject to availability. Winner shall bear all risk of loss or damage to prize after it has been received, except where damage is specifically covered by warranty. Sponsors are not under any obligation to provide winner with any other substitute prize. In the event a winner is or becomes ineligible, the prize may be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner.

Winner will be issued W-9 tax forms for the approximate retail value of the prize. Prizes are non-transferable; no substitutions, exchanges, or cash redemptions. Potential Winner will be required to execute and return an Affidavit of Eligibility (including social security number) and Liability/Publicity/Copyright Permission

Release within fourteen (14) days of notification or prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected.

By participating in this contest, entrants agree to abide by and be bound by these Official Rules. Participants agree that this contest is governed by the laws of the State of New York. Any claims arising out of the contest shall be governed by New York law and may be brought only in a federal or state court in New York. If any provisions of these Official Rules are held to be invalid or unenforceable, all remaining provisions hereof will remain in full force and effect.

By accepting a prize, winner grants to Sponsors the right to use his/her name, likeness, hometown biographical information and winning entry, for any lawful purpose, without further permission or compensation, except where prohibited by law.

By accepting a prize, winner releases Sponsors and their respective subsidiaries, retailers, distributors, affiliates and their agents, advertising, promotion and production agencies from all losses and any and all liability for any loss, harm, damages, costs or expenses, damages, rights, claims, and actions of any kind in connection with the Because of Snowboarding Contest, including without limitation, property damages, personal injury and/or death, arising out of participating in this contest, or the acceptance, possession, use or misuse of any prize.

#### PRIVACY

By entering the contest, you are agreeing to Sponsors use of your personal information as described in Sponsors' Privacy Policies, located at [burton.com](http://burton.com), [intrawest.com](http://intrawest.com) and [baldface.net](http://baldface.net) and [missbehavemag.com/privacy.php](http://missbehavemag.com/privacy.php). By providing your email address, you grant Sponsors the right to send you commercial messages and share your address with others, unless specified otherwise as indicated on the entry form.

For the name of the winner, send a SASE to Because of Snowboarding c/o Missbehave, 261 Vandervoort Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211 2/28/08 but before 8/31/08.



## YOU COULD WIN THIS... FANTASTIC PRIZE

### A grip of boarding gear from Burton!

You'll get a GTwin snowboard with Lexa bindings, a pair of Sapphire boots, Majestic goggles from Anon, a Hi-Fi helmet by R.E.D., a Wheelie Gig board bag, and a Women's Day Hiker backpack! Plus, you'll also get an entire Burton outfit including a 2:1 System jacket, a pair of Cargo Elite snowboard pants, a First layer Exp crew top, a First layer Exp bottom, Buell beanie hat, Approach gloves, and super-warm Spots & Dots socks! The approximate retail value of the entire prize is \$1800!







PHOTOS: RUVAN

## ELLEN PAGE • OFFBEAT SCENE QUEEN

Actress Ellen Page's personal hot-list is esoteric as hell. Amongst her faves are two foreign films, *The 400 Blows* and *Ratcatcher*, and "the New Young Pony Club's album." Thankfully, the soft-spoken 5'1" introvert—comfortably clad in beat-up red Chuck Taylors and ripped skintight black denim—isn't condescending when talking of underground-ish British new wave bands. Inside a nondescript Greenpoint, Brooklyn diner, between sips of coffee, she reassuringly adds, "You've probably never heard of 'em. Don't feel weird."

Weirdness is Page's forté, and her nuanced performances make her one of the more compelling actors of her generation. Button-cute, the 20-year-old Halifax, Nova Scotia native has embodied peculiar types ranging from a teenage cult member (2005's *Mouth to Mouth*) to X3: *The Last Stand*'s mutant-who-walks-through-walls superhero, Kitty Pryde. Discovered by casting agents ten years ago, she's been in the game for half her life and holds a high school degree from Halifax's Shambhala School, a devoutly Buddhist institution.

For Canadian audiences, this petite dynamo has been a new-school leader for years. But with 2005's *Hard Candy*, her scene-swiping intensity got noticed stateside. As the devious Hayley Stark, Page traps a pedophilic cyber-perv and takes a surgical blade to his nutsack in an intense castration scene. "Guys joke about being scared of me," she says of her testicle-testing performance. "My comeback is, 'The amount us females watch ourselves get raped, abused, and mutilated on film—this is your turn.'"

*Juno*, directed by Jason Reitman (of *Thank You for Smoking* fame) and in theaters this December, is a quirky, teen-centric black comedy that introduces Page as a novel, yet entirely believable, breed of 16-year-old female. The titular spitfire who unexpectedly becomes pregnant by Paulie (played by Michael Cera), a flannel-clad Page effortlessly overshadows bigwig co-stars (Jennifer Garner, Jason Bateman) with side-splitting rhetoric, at one point announcing her water breaking with a spirited, "Thundercats Ho!" Her decision to accept the role was an easy one. "High school girls are told what mold to fit in," reasons Page. "If you don't want to give blowjobs at age 14, you're ridiculed. I'm just proud to play somebody who goes against stereotypes. Hopefully, *Juno* shakes up 'teenage girl character' standards."

Considering how violently Ms. Page has jostled the crap outta previous roles, this is a pretty safe bet. —*Matt Barone*





## BRIAN LICHTENBERG LAMÉ LEGGINGS FOR LIFE

It's almost 2008, bitches, where the hell are the flying cars already? No, seriously, the only thing bringing us closer to the Judy Jetson lifestyle is the iPhone. And them shits don't even have an RSS feed. Meanwhile, I'm ready for some solar paneled spacesuits. I'd at least be pacified by more shiny lamé things. If you feel me, you're in luck! Brian Lichtenberg (pictured left), 28, has come to usher us to the beyond. The LA-based designer is well on his way to joining the ranks of the McQueens and the Pughs. Big claims, we know, but hear us out here. Lichtenberg's creativity goes way back to his SoCal high school days, when he obsessed over Björk, Japanese pop culture, and of course design. "Hussein Chalayan truly sparked my interest in fashion," begins Lichtenberg, "His Tyvek paper dresses in particular. I would stock up on free FedEx envelopes and create my own fabric for paper clothes that I embroidered, colored, and papier machéd."

At 19, his ingenuity and pluck had him moving to New York to pursue a career in fashion. After a brief retail stint at the seminal Patricia Field, Lichtenberg returned home to sunnier pastures in 2000, citing homesickness and hatred of the long New York winters. In need of some paper, he started creating hundreds of one of a kind pieces that were picked up by select LA boutiques. Presently, everyone from Gwen Stefani to Nicole Ritchie and M.I.A. are wearing his eponymous line. He describes his current collection as, "futuristic sportswear unisexy." Which is fitting, since it's exactly the sort of clothing you and an androgynous male friend can fight over. Fey without being faggy, Lichtenberg cites his muse as Daryl Hannah's character Pris in *Blade Runner*. Hello? Fashion for fly fembots? We're so sold! [Brianlichtenberg.com](http://Brianlichtenberg.com) —Rose Garcia

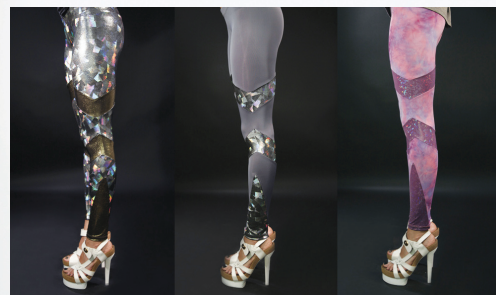


PHOTO: BEATRICE NEUMANN





PHOTO: CHRIS GLANCY



# PLAIN GRAVY

## ← CUTE DESIGNERS

California culture is a volatile alloy. You've got surf culture, surly rockers, skater dudes, gangsta rap, and Hollywood. Mixing it right is tricky business, but Left Coast streetwear brand Plain Gravy comes correct, purveying pop culture with beautiful brash T-shirts.

The brand's designers, Tofer Chin and Todd Tourso (pictured right to left), both 28, gravitated towards each other as the only two "degenerate" kids who were into graffiti and skateboarding at their high school. The duo used to post up in a living room drinking beer, doodling, and occasionally getting into heated picture battles. Upon generating stacks of drawings, they finally wondered what to do with them. The answer was to throw 'em on T-shirts. Thusly, Plain Gravy was born. "It was a product of our friendship," Tourso says of their progeny.

The PG parents' designs reflect themes of starting shit, stealing stuff, and neon signs preaching that "Jesus Saves." The designers find divine inspiration where all of us do—television. "I religiously watch cartoons to this day," Chin says. Chin is a painter and photographer, and Tourso is a designer/illustrator and art director for *Flaunt* magazine. "Art was the only thing I was ever good at until my early twenties," Tourso says. "I became completely obsessed with it."

Hilariously apt jabs like the "Pharrell Can't Skate" shirt may have caught the eye of the mainstream, but Chin and Tourso want longevity, moving the focus beyond tongue-in-cheek. They pay close attention to fundamentals like what "feels good," yet are just as devoted to smaller details in their cut-and-sew shirts, and scrupulously experiment with new printing techniques. "We're not trying to make any statements," Chin says. "We just want to make clothes that we wanna wear." What they, like us, wanna wear, is a simple shirt that feels good...emblazoned with a giant gorilla going apeshit. —*Joanna Borns*

# KELLY

## BETCH PLEASE

Kelly is just like you...but better. It is difficult to do this underdog turned YouTube superstar justice verbally—you must see Kelly to understand the awesomeness contained within her platinum blonde bob. Those who cannot grasp her humor are dullards and we hate them. In fact, "getting" Kelly is the litmus test for whether we can even talk to you.

The alter ego and brainchild of 34-year-old Liam Sullivan, Kelly, who has a delightfully fucked-up accent (e.g. Deck, I'm gonna betchslap you since you don't know shet.) knows what she wants and how to get it. In the YouTube series, her parents openly favor her jock twin brother, crush on Tom Skerritt, and call her a "prstitute." Kelly's allies are her alcoholic grandmother (though perhaps only 'cause she's too senile and drunk to front), Margaret Cho (who was Kelly's first fan that matters... since famous folks count for at least seven regular people), and Heather the vampire—who is incidentally half Mormon.



SHANIQA JARVIS

From her rents' house in Tarzana, Kelly made the music video "Shoes", which got over 8 million views and was subsequently released on iTunes. "Text Message Breakup", and "Let Me Borrow that Top" were also cult favorites that led to meetings in Hollywood. "They wanna take what I do and sell cereal with it," bitches Kelly. "They don't pay you any attention until you do something amazing, then they wanna take it and change it."

Kelly was the best thing about the VH1 show *I Hate My Thirties*, which has yet to be picked up for another season, but she's not about to join Scientology just to get into Tinsel Town's good graces, "Scientists are way too cliquey," she says. "I'll drink the Kool-Aid somewhere else. And wear better clothes." Kelly's a fashion snob and hopes to collaborate with our favorite socialite-cum-praying mantis, Paris Hilton, for a plus-sized shoe line. Cop the Kelly DVD complete with outtakes and deleted scenes. [liamshow.com](http://liamshow.com) —*Olivia Allin*



# JAHCOOZI

## BERLIN BOOTY MUSIC

2007 was a banner year for girls to go full-on, balls-to-the-wall crazy. And this isn't even ill-behaved, well-publicized tartlets here, we're talking chicks we love. Amy Winehouse's stints in and out of rehab, Lily Allen's MySpace meltdowns, and even the previously unflappable Meg White was seen peering out from the bell jar, canceling the White Stripes' fall tour due to "acute anxiety."

These fiery women can't seem to stop burning themselves. Finally someone's harnessing female aggression for good, rather than turning it inward. Enter Sasha Perera, the UK-Sri Lankan MC for the digitized, dirty and bangin', Berlin trio Jahcoozi. Producer/instrumentalists Robert Koch (right), the local boy, and Israeli-born Oren Gerlitz (left) round out the mix with a blend of electronica melded with ragga, hip hop and dubstep. Perera describes it as "the way pop should sound" in 2008.

With their sophomore effort *Blitz 'n' Ass* set to follow their debut CD, *Pure Breed Mongrel*, it's clear that Jahcoozi loves a good contradiction. Perera storms the stage, challenges the frenzied crowd with a cold hard glare, snarls socially conscious lyrics

"tryin' to stop the leftie in me blind/to the disillusioned brand that they call mankind", all while sporting provocative poom-poom shorts. It makes sense with just one revolution of *Blitz 'n' Ass*, an in-your-face celebration of something the singer calls "intelligent booty music." Uh, say what?

"It's hard-hitting satire. Comedy with irony and different levels of aggression within it," states Perera. To Gerlitz, the music and the message are complementary. "It fits perfectly," begins the bass and guitar playing co-producer and mixer, "I'm a big folk fan and Sasha's texts could create great folk songs, but I think that's exactly the special thing about Jahcoozi—combining booty electronic beats with those lyrics." The combination of personalities is key in a group of three and thankfully it's all gravy. "I'm not your typical macho kinda guy, so I don't have a problem with strong girls," says Koch of the groups' dynamic. "Sasha holds it down and we back her up with fat beats and basslines."

So against Jahcoozi's booming beats, Perera vents her frustrations. Referencing everything from Guantanamo Bay to Angelina Jolie (a rumored fan), she speaks powerfully on the pressures of being just a girl in the world. [myspace.com/jahcoozi](http://myspace.com/jahcoozi)

—Angela Cravens

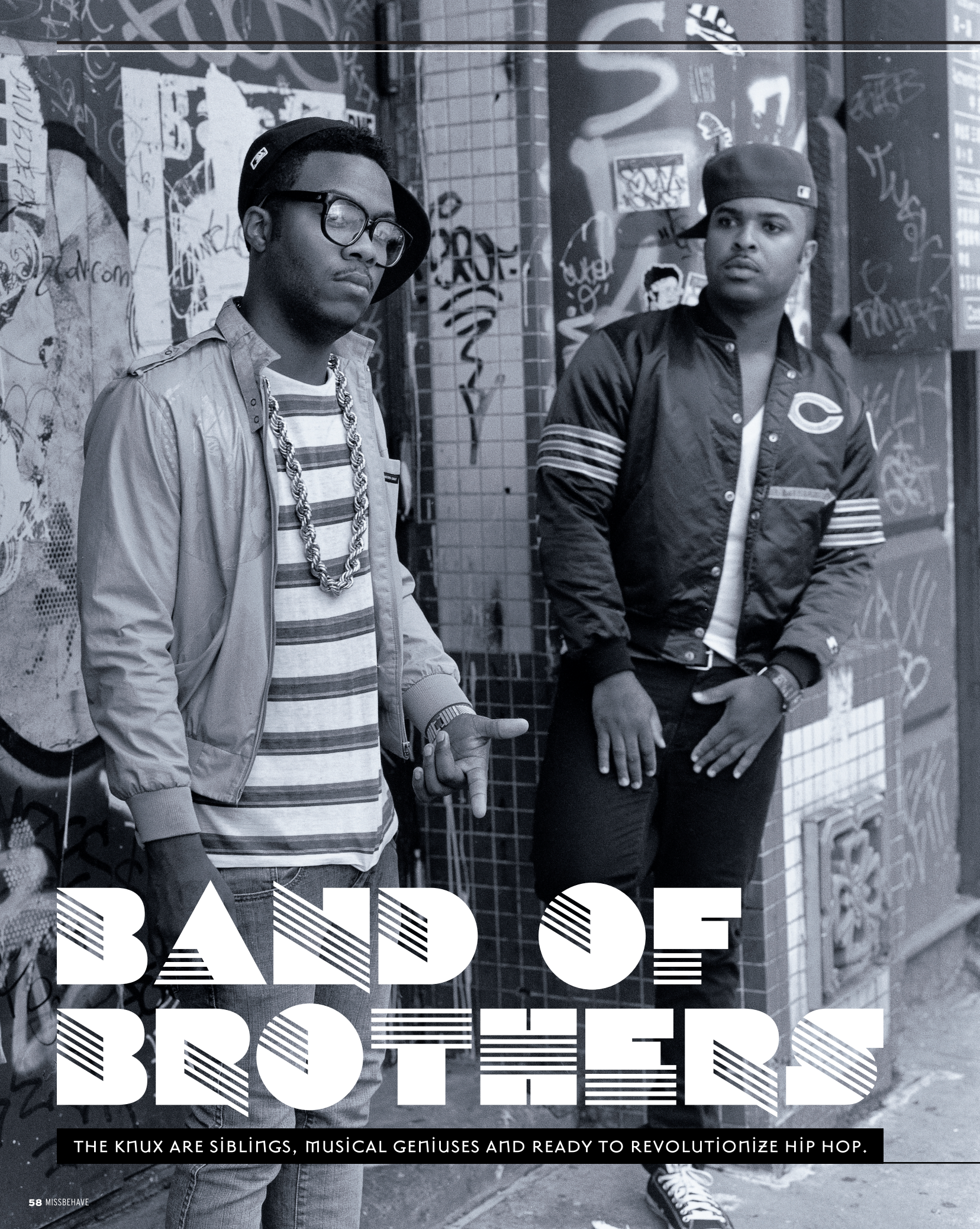


PHOTO: GENE GLOVER









# BAND OF BROTHERS

THE KNUX ARE SIBLINGS, MUSICAL GENIUSES AND READY TO REVOLUTIONIZE HIP HOP.



**T**his might be their first performance in NYC, but the Knux can rock any dance party USA like it's home turf. The duo rips through the spacey synths of "Capucino" and the call-and-response hook of "Fire," and though the packed crowd at downtown Manhattan's Love isn't quite sure what it's witnessing, it's damn sure feeling it.

The Knux are country (their native New Orleans draws are apparent), they're Hollywood (they call the hills home now), they're criminal masterminds (more on that later) and total party animals. Plus, they're band geeks—they write, produce, and play all of their music.

If hip hop is the new pop—predictable and packaged—the Knux are a rare record, in its very own crate...in a whole other solar system. Their major label debut, *Remind Me In 3 Days* (Shady/Interscope), is a masterful mash-up of artfully crafted compositions and completely unhinged, improvised creative explosions. DJs from Steve Aoki to Mark Ronson are lauding the duo, and their sound has been labeled experimental, garage, breakbeat, industrial, trance, indie (check their amazing remix of the Shins, "Sea Legs") but the Knux insist they are hip hop through and through.

Raised in East New Orleans, Kentrell (25) and Alvin (23) Lindsey, aka Krispy K.r.e.a.m and Rah Almillio, grew up in a house filled with Prince (mom's favorite), Wu-Tang Clan (Krispy's shit), and Nas (Al's shit). The brothers were uprooted to Houston after Hurricane Katrina hit in 2005, where they signed a publishing deal with Mathew Knowles. But Interscope soon came calling. Smelling success and bored in the spread-out Texas town, the boys relocated to Hollywood to record with the major.

Though the Knux' sound is progressive, their blend of unconventional hip hop remains all about good times, parties, and bullshit. Krispy is the affable frontman and Al is the withdrawn, moody genius. Though their personas are different, the two are tied by blood, experience, and their incredible musical talent. And today, they're both eager to speak their minds about where they're from, where they're headed, and why after they get famous you might not recognize them.

#### **You grew up with your mom in New Orleans?**

**Al:** Yeah. Single-parent home. She was mother and father.

#### **New Orleans East? Lil Wayne's said when he moved East it was like moving on up.**

**Krispy:** Naw, fuck that! He been living in the East since he was 12! Man, he be reppin' East Gang.

**A:** We from 3rd Ward, 7th Ward, the 9th Ward.

We from all around that bitch, but spent the most time in the East. But I was totally in a New York state of mind living in New Orleans, wearing Tims and Wallys. Everybody else was wearing soft-toe Reeboks and shit. The movie *Kids* came out. That whole scene was just like mad dope to me.

#### **You consider yourselves hip hop, but critics call your work "experimental." How do you feel about that?**

**K:** We're hip hop. That's just fuckin' what it is. You listen to old hip hop like LL when Rick Rubin was producing it—that dude had a lot of instrumentation, it wasn't different from what me and Al are doing. Dudes were rhyming over New Jack Swing beats that nowadays wouldn't be considered "hip hop."

**A:** People say shit because we add so many instruments. Everybody was loving when we first started off just rhyming over beats, but I wasn't satisfied. Krispy wasn't satisfied. We was like, This is biting down from what we're capable of.

#### **So it's just semantics? You guys behave differently, too.**

**A:** We don't want to construct a movement. [We're] not like, "This is such and such scene," and try to make people dress and talk like us. Our shows feel like a fuckin' house party and everybody's just jammin' out to records—that's hip hop to me. Other rap shows I've attended, I don't feel connected. I feel like I'm paying this guy to fuckin' shout at me, stunt and flaunt on me.

#### **Were you close growing up?**

**A:** No, we didn't get close until high school. I was more into shit that people would consider lame, like video games and movies. He was that in-crowd sorta guy. When people talk about us, they're like, "Man, Krispy's such a welcoming guy and I don't know what to expect from Al." People don't know what to think because I don't say much.

#### **When did you guys become besties?**

**K:** The Gravediggaz brought us together. The second album, *The Pick, the Sickle, and the Shovel*, we'd listen to it, like, every day. He brought it to me because he knew I like Wu-Tang, he was like, "You like Wu, I got this Gravediggaz shit, this shit is crazy." I was like, "I don't like Gravediggaz." He was like, "Nah, this is a lot of RZA." We was like, "Oh maaan..."

#### **Awww. So you're so tight now, you have matching ladybug tattoos. What's the story with that?**

**A:** Okay, this is not like a secret gay cult thing, this is some real shit. I'm 19, he's 21 and we master-

minded this huge-ass auto theft ring. We had a half million dollars, from New Orleans to Texas.

#### **Whoa.**

**A:** Yeah, we made a lot of money from it and we got caught. We was about to do fed time. We beat that shit, and wanted to change our lives. Something better was out there. We started listening to different music, the jeans got a little tighter, and muthafuckas didn't like that where we from. I was trying to better myself and got knocked for it. Muthafuckas were like, "Man, ya'll are bugging." Yeah, we is bugging! We free! We fuckin' bugging! So that's how we got the tattoos.

#### **You guys are so smart, what made you use your powers for evil?**

**A:** Mom got sick. She had lupus and we had to make something happen. I never thought I'd resort to shit like that.

#### **So you were partners in crime as hustlers and musicians. How do you play off of each other in the studio?**

**A:** It's kinda hard to pull off all those aspects...

**In unison:** By yourself.

**K:** When there's two of you, you can do more.

**A:** Sometimes, I'll be doing a buncha shit and he'll be in a block. Other times, I don't know what to come up with and he's going to town.

#### **Were you always musical prodigies?**

**K:** We always knew how to play. We played in marching bands and jazz bands, concert bands.

**A:** I play guitar, bass, keys, and brass instruments.

**K:** I play everything except guitar and the reason why I never got great on guitar is 'cause Al's so good. We share bass credits on our album, horns, we write and read music. We can score stuff if you give us enough time, give me a month, I'll score for you. I play the bongos. Nah, I need to though. I'm gonna be naked like Matthew McConaughey. Remember that shit? With the window wide open....

#### **That guy is always naked. Speaking of which, you guys definitely don't dress hip hop.**

**A:** A lot of people call us hipsters. I really don't care what people label me, we just think fashion forward. You won't catch me in a throwback jersey because that shit's not hot. Don't get caught up in a scene. Just do what the fuck you wanna.

#### **So in a year or two you'll probably look completely different?**

**A:** Hell yeah, because we evolve, we are whatever we think of next. I do me, he do him, and we good.★



# JENA MALONE

..... AND HER ORGY OF TALENTS .....



THIS PAGE: TIGHTS BY **H&M**, SUNGLASSES BY **CAZAL**  
SKIRT IS JENA'S OWN, VINTAGE TOP & JACKET ARE  
STYLIST'S OWN. FACING PAGE: SKIRT BY **TOP SHOP**  
SOCKS BY **CREATURES OF COMFORT**, SHOES BY **NIKE**  
VINTAGE SWEATSHIRT & NECKLACE ARE STYLIST'S OWN



**M**uch of what you've heard about Jena Malone, 23, is super-five minutes ago. Yes, she was raised in and out of trailer parks by her mother and her mother's girlfriend. Yep, she then emancipated herself from moms and barely started high school before never going back. Sure, she was in the infamous *Donnie Darko*. Absolutely, she killed her role in *Saved*. Plus, she made out with Hayden Christensen onscreen in *Life as a House* and you didn't. Talking about all this stuff is played.

Be up on the new shit, bro. These days, Jena lives in Tahoe creating art, making music with her band, Jena Malone and Her Bloodstains, and working with superDILFy Sean Penn on *Into the Wild*. She's also recently discovered that being pretty doesn't mean people think you're boring, what being a woman actually means, and why being typecast as the weird cutter chick who lives in the bell jar is maybe the happiest thing in the world.

**I've just researched and read every word you've said to the press for the last 10 years. Does it feel weird to know that?** That's scary. There's this whole persona of who I am on the internet. It's so disconnected. My IMDB profile says I love kickboxing and the Renaissance, and that was from an interview I did when I was 13. You say one thing and it's attached to you and your web persona for the rest of your life.

**So you've experienced change since you were 13, remarkable...** Right! Well, I was the tomboy that hated everything that had to do with girls and girly shit. This year I've actually become a woman. I had this tainted vision of femininity my whole life and then realized I get to disassemble and reassemble it and be a woman in my own right. I've been buying dresses and all these things that before I totally shunned.

**What clicked that suddenly you're into being a chick?** I'd never brush my hair or wear makeup, I'd wear baggy clothes and smelled. I didn't care. I never had boyfriends when I was younger and had my first real relationship when I was 18. It's horrible to say that love or men was the motivation, but it was interesting because I was finally seeing myself through someone else's eyes. I wanted to wear nice things.

**Feeling good because you look good isn't the worst, huh?** Totally. I didn't used to want people to think I was pretty. I wanted them to hear what I was saying, so I played down my appearance to get my point across. Now I'm much more confident in who I am—in my body and in my mind—that I don't need to play anything down. It's way more empowering and way more exciting.

**Do you ever look at actresses your age who are all over the tabloids and think, 'I can't believe I'm in the same industry as these people!'** [Sighs] Of course. If I lived in LA and I had to deal with it all, I think I would probably kill myself. Everyone's trying to one-up each other. It's everything I never understood about high school, and totally understood about high school. I only went for a year, but you feel the strange rules and cliques.

**Why did you move to Lake Tahoe?** I'd lived here in Tahoe for second and third grade, then moved away. I moved back five years ago. I have a strong affinity for the place. It's beautiful. I can be alone here for months and not even realize I haven't seen another person.



Whereas in LA I get so lonely—it's such a public culture. If you don't call someone for a week they think you've died.

**That's why it's rad that a Johnny Depp type can live anywhere on the planet and keep working.** There's a lot of fear involved in this business. If you're not "hot enough" you're gonna lose everything and people are gonna turn against you. It's like Hollywood's this weird club and you have to fulfill all these parts before you can achieve success. But really, you don't have to do anything. You just don't.

**Do you ever fear getting typecast as the "indie film girl"?** I don't think there's any actor who hasn't been typecast. The first time you see an actor onscreen and they move you, you're gonna remember them in that role forever. It's a natural reaction of humans watching each other.

You just have to hope for the best, and keep true to your shit. I've definitely been typecast into that indie—whatever it is—"fucked up girl with problems" role. But I would rather be in that tidepool than be typecast as "dumb girlfriend."

**What's your favorite movie that you've done?** *Into the Wild* was such an immense experience that I'd have to say it's my favorite. It was such a beautiful collaboration creatively that it blew my mind that it could actually happen in film.

Working with Sean, I mean, he's like a poet. You can talk to him about anything and I just respect and admire him so much.

**What's the craziest rumor you've ever heard about yourself?** There was a forum on IMDB that said that I was dating Michael Clarke Duncan.





**The huge black dude from *The Green Mile*?** Yeah! The rumor was like four years ago, when I was nineteen and he was like forty or something. I was like, "Wow, that's amazing, I've never even met him." I actually prefer that rumor than like, me and some Hollywood heartthrob.

**Ever end up dating a fan?** I dated this one guy but didn't know until later that *Donnie Darko* was his favorite movie. He had a shrine in his house. I saw it. I was a little freaked and I didn't call him anymore [*Laughs*].

**Damn, he blew it. I would have hid that shit from you.** I know, right?

**Why did you name your band Jena Malone and Her Bloodstains?** It's the most intimate and personal thing I've ever created, so I wanted it to be my name. Taking my name back in a sense.

**Is it easier or harder to be taken seriously in music because you're in Hollywood?** I wouldn't have been able to get my foot in the door if I hadn't had some sort of name. But I love to share it with people. Friends come over and I force them to listen to all these songs and new things I'm working on. I love it so much; I'll never stop making music. It's just hijacked my whole body and I can't control it.

**Do you envision yourself being an actor 20, 30, 40 years from now?** Definitely. I'm in the business of storytelling, whether it's acting or writing or singing or taking photos, and it's endless. As long as I can do it and be financially okay, I'll do this for the rest of my life. I get to constantly create new things and that's fucking beautiful.

**What's the one piece of advice you wish someone had given you when you were younger?** I would've wanted someone to tell me that it's nice to break your own rules sometimes—or to constantly recheck them to see if they still work for your life. I would have loved someone to say something like that to me instead of "try to be lawyer" or "follow your heart." What does that even mean? You'll "follow your heart" until you run off a cliff, and then where's that gonna take you? ★

VINTAGE JUMPSUIT & JEWELRY IS  
STYLIST'S OWN, HAT IS JENA'S OWN





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JOSH SCHWARTZ IS THE TV DUDE WHO BROUGHT YOU THE O.C., GOSSIP GIRL, AND CHUCK. HE'S ALSO SUPER CUTE AND HELLA FUNNY.

# MAY THE SCHWARTZ BE WITH YOU

At 26, Josh Schwartz became the youngest person in the history of network television to produce his own show. The program was called *The O.C.* and it was that crack. The batshit hit flung its young sparkly cast all over the weekly glossies, and at its peak garnered 12.7 million viewers an episode. Schwartz, now 31, is currently producing two new shows—*Gossip Girl* on the CW and *Chuck* on NBC.

Anyone with access to the information superhighway can glean

that much. What you figure out upon talking to the guy, though, is that he's a total fucking hottie. A Baldwin, if you will. He's quick-witted. He's smart. He's crazy successful and not at all the headset-donning, slick-suited supertwat that you'd cynically expect an ambitious television producer to be like. A self-effacing, heterosexual guy who can think like a valley girl and talk like her cougar rich-bitch mother? That's a keeper.



**You're a young, savvy, successful dude. How often do you Google yourself?** On an hourly basis. I put me on a spreadsheet so I can see how I'm doing.

**Do you cross-reference yourself with like, J.J. Abrams, the guy that does *Lost*?** Jesus. No. I was kidding. I like to pay attention to how the shows are doing but not so much myself.

**Well, when you do look you up, there's this link to your "38 Brainy Quotes." In it, you say that you're the kind of person that "takes everything as is and then looks at it, outside looking in." What the hell does that mean?** I never said that. I've never looked at anything as is. In fact, I look at things from the least optimistic point of view. If nine things are going well, I just like to focus on the one thing that isn't.

**What's it like working with you?** Stephanie Savage [my writing partner] and I work lap-top-to-laptop. It's like Battleship. We pitch a scene and one of us will kinda just write it. When you work in television, there's no preciousness of, "Oh, I have to like, light my candle and get in my happy place to write." You're just like, "Shit, this thing's due tomorrow. We have nothing."

**How were you not scared outta your mind at 26 starting *The O.C.*?** I wasn't scared at all actually, in the beginning. Later, after everybody had an opinion—that's when it got hard.

**The scrutiny of *The O.C.* was bonkers. What did you learn?** I can distill the constructive part of it from the hysterical part of it. I won't take it as personally. It's important to engage in that dialogue, but without letting it overwhelm you, without letting it become a monologue from the audience. You have to speak your mind.

**And the rest will follow.** Be colorblind, don't be so shallow.

**Ha! That was awesome.** Yeah, En Vogue.

**How is it that you so cannily write from such specific female perspectives?** It's terrifying. I find people fascinating. I do a lot of eavesdropping. In some weird way I feel like when you're writing a character, you have to figure out how you relate to that person as well.

**So you must be super-good at empathy, especially since judging from *The O.C.*, your musical tastes skew way maudlin-ish emo.** [Laughing]. I am a sensitive guy. I like sweaters. I like guitars. I like British people.

***Gossip Girl* is based in New York, and you live in LA. Where do you stay when you come out here?** I'm staying at the Bowery this time. The vibe kinda reminds me of the Chateau Marmont.

**I'm relieved you said "Chateau Marmont" and not "the Chateau." It's incredibly LA douchey when they say that.** Yes. Completely obnoxious...

***Gossip Girl* is inspired by a series of books for tweens. I was surprised that the show's so steamy.** I suppose, maybe to you.

**So you think New York girls are easy?** There's just a matter-of-factness to how young people converse and engage with one another. I think it's stunning that some people aren't aware of it. There is a tonal shift in the youth of our country...

**Um...** Yeah, I just made that up.

**Did you make gravitas Jesus hands when you said the last bit?** Well, it was a grand and noble statement.

**There's as much candor in the series with the weed smoking.** That shit goes on and people act like they're outraged. Stephanie was quoted in *Entertainment Weekly*, it's one of my favorite quotes, saying, "We are good people who like children."

**Well, the honesty is what people respond to, as with your previous writing, work, your canon...** I refer to it as my oeuvre. I Google my oeuvre whilst at the Chateau.

**Are you dating anyone at the moment?** Yeah.

**Are you a romantic?** I am! No, not really.

**You're not the type of guy who nebbishly recalls a thoughtful detail and then employs it as a romantic gesture?** I just heard the word nebbish and figured you were on the money.

**First crush ever?** There was a girl at summer camp and there was this dance. Whitney

Houston's "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" came on, and with Whitney as my guide, I walked across, through the guys. I came to the first flank of girls, cut through them, through another row, and in the middle of a circle of girls there was the girl in question. I said, "Would you like to dance?" Then I turned and immediately walked away before I heard a response.

**Did it work?** Yes. She was there behind me. That was the last time I was that brave.

**Was she the archetype for all other love that ensued?** Only in that it was from afar.

**What's your secret vocation that you would love to do but haven't ever told anyone about?** I'm doing it! I really have never had any other aspirations or goals or thoughts than what I'm doing.

**Dude, you're so first-born. It must be a bummer to be your younger siblings.** They're very supportive.

**I'm sure it's stressful that they didn't get to pop out of the womb knowing immediately what they wanted to do with their lives though.** They're also very, very smart...

**Also?** Well, obviously I'm very, very smart. You've talked to me for ten minutes and would have drawn that conclusion.

**All smart people are nuts. What's your flavor of crazy?** Cookie dough.

**Wrong.** Neurotic?

**Neurosis is like depression, that's a blanket statement.** This is grueling. I'm a worrier. That's specific enough. Cleared!

**I'm feeling *Gossip Girl* thus far so perhaps the worrying is good.** Certain critics are outraged. They hate it and have said that the show is coming from a cynical place.

**Fuck 'em. The show is a whirling dervish of amaziness.** There's also that. I'm automatically skeptical, by the way.

**Of what? Why?** It's my natural reaction to feel like I'm always being mocked.

**See, that's your crazy.** Yeah. ★





# Sixties Baby

WE ASKED ALL NEW YORK CRAIGSLISTERS WHO THOUGHT THEY LOOKED LIKE  
**KELLY BUNDY** TO STEP FORWARD. HERE ARE THE RESULTS. YOU BE THE JUDGE.

PHOTOS: **KATE & CAMILLA** MAKEUP: **CHRISTINA ZULETA**





THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: **ARIEL** WEARS STAGE BEAUTY EYE DUO SHADOW, SANDPIPER LIPSTICK & DEEP THROAT BLUSH BY **NARS**, BUSTIER BY **LISELOTTE WESTERLUND**. **MARIA** WEARS HUSH DELIGHT LIPSTICK BY **VINCENT LONGO**, GERBERA CONVERTIBLE COLORS CREME BY **STILA**, JACKET & DRESS BY **LITERATURE NOIR**. **KELLY** WEARS TAMANGO LIPSTICK BY **NARS**, SUGAR & SPICE BLUSH BY **DIOR**, DRESS BY **LITERATURE NOIR**. **JEANINE** WEARS BROW TECH BY **SMASHBOX**, SMUG POT EYELINER BY **STILA**, POWERHOUSE LIPSTICK BY **M.A.C.**, DRESS WITH GOLD STUDS BY **LITERATURE NOIR**. OPPOSITE PAGE: **SALLY** WEARS BIG APPLE RED POLISH BY **OPI**, BADGAL EYE PENCIL BY **BENEFIT**, DIORSHOW MASCARA BY **DIOR**, TANKS BY **JOSEPH**.



# LIVE NUDE GIRLS

## THE MISSBEHAVE GUIDE TO STRIPPERS

WORDS: EMMA FROST, OLIVIA ALLIN & JULIE DAVIS



You know when your man skulks home from the strip club at 5:00 am, reeking of cooze and baby oil, humming with titty-gorged, shit-eating giddiness? Despite the bachelor party and his clearing it with you in advance, you feel hostile for a couple of reasons: a) he's so fucking happy b) you weren't invited and c) because those tits ain't yours. Waiting up for him, chain-smoking in a polyester bathrobe ready to hurl a lamp at the lousy jerk would just result in his bitching to his friends about your saltiness/insecurities. So instead, you huffily go to bed and allow everything else to piss you off for the following 5-7 business days.

To be young and in love. Thing is, you shouldn't hate. The strip club ain't shit, and is surprisingly rife with fun for you, too. Trust. Think about it, you know how heterosexual guys have rules, like only using their peripheral vision to scope the dick next to them at the urinal, or for extremists, not sitting next to each other in movie theaters? Girls have rules too, but at the strip club you get a pass. You get to inspect and (depending on the club) squeeze all shapes and shades of areola. And you can feel way better about your tidy, pretty labia after seeing the roast beef curtains from hell. It's anatomically fascinating. Like the *Missbehave* staff, you too can be blissfully Swiss about the goings on.

We hit the spots, polled our male cohorts—meatheads, derelicts and hardcore perverts (masquerading as editors and writers), asked our friendly neighborhood strippers for grooming tips, and picked-up stripper clothing to incorporate into our wardrobes. We got the story from the racks on the other side of the meatrack. Enjoy.

ain't tryna steal your dude. They don't care that he sneezes cute, makes bomb pancakes, or if his jizz tasted like pineapple juice that one time. And unless you're dating a Wall Street date rapist with a poison ring full of GHb, you don't have anything to worry about. For most guys, strippers, like The Wiggles, are simply babysitting entertainment. The ladies are dancing for dollars in a controlled environment outfitted with ham-fisted bouncers with no necks. Your man is not looking to bust a nut in front of his boys. That shit is gay.

## ROLLIN' WITH THE HOMIES

**Who to go with:** Use the buddy system for your maiden voyage to the club. Pick one close guy friend. He should be a scrapper and know you're fly, but the relationship should be devoid of sexual tension. If you flirt with him but could take a shit at his house—that's your dude. Going with a boyfriend or husband can get sticky, unless you have preestablished threesome



## TIT FOR TAT

Unless you want your man to boldly lie to you, DO NOT "forbid" him from going to the strip club. This only works if you have freakishly strong arms and a really good chain with which to fasten him to the radiator.

## TRUST EXERCISES

**Your boyfriend is not cheating at the club:** Transactions in gentlemen's clubs are, for the most part, admirably honest. Strippers

**TOP 10 STRIPPER SONGS:** "PONY" GINUWINE, "POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME" DEF LEPPARD,



etiquette or you need a memorable backdrop for which to pick a fight and dump him.

No one likes a joykill. If you're distracted by having to glare at your man and pinch his face pretending to pick glitter off it, you're likely not going to have a good time.



★ Other than your buddy, you should enlist a couple of extras for garnish. Don't roll with anemic-ass pussies who "make you laugh." You want your squad to deter potential drama from opposing meathead forces. Try to remember that guys who crack bawdy limericks and excel at observational humor don't usually look menacing.

## LOCATION

**Where to go:** Find the right strip club. In high-class spots, girls can be Mystic Tan pretty, but bouncers therein have Secret Service earpieces and guard with the determination of a well-trained mastiffs. The super-cheap joints are grimy and the girls have bruises, flapjack titties, and C-section scars. We suggest asking *employed* male friends for a happy medium.

## GIRLS GONE WILDIN'

**Strip club don'ts:** As a female patron in the strip club, you're an ambassador. Don't look bored and snobby or get so wasted that you flex what you learned in Strippercize class. People pay to see professionals, not projectile-vomiting girls with tapered jeans around their ankles.

As an off-the-clock girl, you should also be prepared to be a pussy magnet. Dancers will suggestively use you as a Sapphic prop so your boys will make it rain. Just remember to keep accessories hidden. Your dryclean-only Moschino scarf that she snaked all over her junk might be returned to you smelling like Pear Glacé and sporting a snail trail.

## LEGAL TENDERONI

**How much to spend:** Just as all guys know that peeing on their feet in the shower prevents athlete's foot, they all preternaturally know how much to pay strippers. The unanimous going rate for a single dance is the following:

"A dollar's okay, two if you don't want to look like an asshole. Five if you're trying to get her attention. Ten if it's love."

Twenty is standard for a lap dance, not including tip and we suggest administering singles throughout the dance for



morale. Guys say they bring around \$300 per visit, and that "ballers bring a G." We say hang outside club entrances with a Taser gun and garbage bag and find out for yourself.

If you're going inside, bring what you plan on spending 'cause club ATMs charge fees upwards of \$8. At the meatrack, guys aim for the ass, G-string, or cleavage when tipping. Man-boys make paper airplanes or wrap a buck around a quarter and throw it. We recommend cranes but then again, we're origami masters.



## POLE VAULT

**Champagne Room secrets:**

According to police reports and dudes everywhere, sex DOES happen in the Champagne Room. It's basically an enclave with nicer couches, more touching, smoking, and unlimited drinks. It's also really expensive. Most of the dudes we know haven't ever been, opting instead to buy some publicist chick four PBRs on the Lower East Side to close the deal. The few guys who have gone in, admit to "a lil' finger dippin'", dry humping, and some went as far to say that "Chris Rock is a sucker."

## EGG DROP

**Ovulating strippers make better tips.** According to a study by the University of New Mexico, involving 18 subjects and 5,300



lap dances, participants earned \$335 per 5-hour shift when in the ovulation portion of their cycle. They made \$260 during those two weeks when you're not a bitch, and \$185 while bleeding like a raw steak and housing Cheetos. Gyration and menstruation go together like anal sex and dysentery.

"Women are hornier when ovulating, and men are able to sense that."—Friendly Neighborhood Stripper

## SMOOTH OPERATOR

**Stripper grooming:** Strippers are like wider versions of models that guys get to see up close. Since pages aren't scratch n' sniff, print models can be airbrushed or smell like feces. Strippers have to be experts at maintaining the fantasy of good hygiene.



Our resident exotic dancer gave us her secrets on keeping the magic alive. We thought it was simply a matter of smearing boysenberry Bath & Body Works lotion all over and then rolling around in glitter. But then again we don't brush our hair.



"BACK THAT ASS UP" JUVENILE, "PARADISE CITY" GUNS N' ROSES, "DOIN' IT" LL COOL J ▶



# UNDERDRESS

## REINTERPRETING STRIPPER CLOTHES

There are lots of slept-on places to cop clothes and your local, “only hoes and strippers shop here” boutique is one of them. MacGyvering such danseurs’ drag into your wardrobe is tricky—it’s way too easy to look easy—but if you’re tired of layering solely in American Apparel, there are gems here that your friends won’t have. Only ever incorporate one article of clothing at a time. We’ll teach you how to rock it like a star, and not the kind who live in the valley and get skeeted on for a living.

### LATEX MINI SKIRT

**STYLE KEY: COUNTERACT THE SLICKNESS WITH TEXTURED KNITS.**

Unless you’re allergic and will die of anaphylactic shock, latex is fun. It’s insulating in winter and to mitigate the *Matrix* dominatrix effect, pile on chunky knits. Throw talc in it to prevent chafing. Because latex is tight, balance the silhouette and keep everything else concealed.

LATEX SKIRT BY **HUSTLER**, SWEATER BY **ALICE MCCALL**,  
HAT BY **HUGO BOSS**, LEG WARMERS BY **THE SOCKMAN**,  
JEWELRY & BOOTS ARE MODELS OWN

### LUCITE PLATFORMS

**STYLE KEY: DON’T LOOK LIKE A TRANNIE (UNLESS YOU ARE ONE, WHICH IS TOTALLY OKAY)**

There are too many AMAZING platforms not to try ‘em out. They add a hint of Harajuku to a demure outfit, and the platform adds height without being as painful as a plain spike. Prepare to tower over everyone and if you have big feet and hands, don’t be offended if you’re offered a reach around. It’s only polite.

SWEATER BY **JEREMY SCOTT**, BOOTS BY **ELLIE**,  
BUSTIER BY **G-UNIT**, PANTS BY **TRIPP**,  
BELLY CHAIN & JEWELRY BY **ISIS**



MODEL: KIM MATULOVA MAKEUP: JASON HAUN



Hirsute chicks get no love. To combat ingrown hairs when shaving, our expert uses Tend Skin and for a closer shave uses lavender oil instead of cream or gel. Diorshow mascara is so effective you won’t need falsies and if you’re wearing makeup a lot, go oil-free with Bare Escen-

tuals. Palmer’s Cocoa Butter is thrifty, makes you silky and smells like bon bons. Secret spray deodorant lasts longer than stick and neutralizes the occupational hazard of smelling like cigarettes and fried foods, which is useful since our weekend plans are often centered around both.

## PUSSY GALORE

**Portland is the Promised Land:** It’s not called the Beaver State for nothin’. Portland, Oregon has more strip clubs per capita than any other city—and unlike other places where you

“GIRLS ON FILM” **DURAN DURAN**, “F\*CK THE PAIN AWAY” **PEACHES**, “I TOUCH MYSELF”



# ★ FOR SUCCESS

STYLE: SAMANTHA MOELLER & ALLISON MILLER

PHOTOS: KAREEM BLACK

## ★ SLINGSHOT BATHING SUIT

STYLE KEY: KEEP IT RETRO CASUAL.

Slingshot bathing suits can be scary (see: Ice-T's *Power* album). The trick is not to sport it just with heels, a smile, and a pump-action shotgun. Baffling, we know. Keep it casual and use it as a layer—pair it with baggy overalls and a T-shirt. Get the correct size. Atomic front wedgies suck. Keep those lips sealed.

SNEAKERS BY RESPECT M.E. FOR ADIDAS, T-SHIRT

BY MARRIED TO THE MOB, BATHINGSUIT FROM TIC

TAC TOE, OVERALLS BY KSUBI, JEWELRY BY ISIS

## ★ THIGH-HIGHS

STYLE KEY: GET THE SIZE THAT FITS.

Not dress like a character from *Clueless*? As if! Whenever the mood strikes, work the thigh. The “full-length floral frock, slit in the front, with motorcycle boots,” is an option as is the “opaque woolen thigh-highs with tweed shorts.” Again, get the right size. Inner-thigh muffin top is like a bingo wing in a cap sleeve. Fug.

DRESS BY SASS AND BIDE, SHOES BY CHARLOTTE RONSON,

STOCKINGS BY LEG AVENUE, NECKLACE & RINGS BY ISIS,

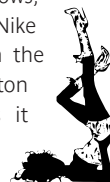
EARRINGS BY ISIS FOR DIAMOND SUPPLY CO.

can't drink in the presence of full nudity, in Portland you can get soused with a faceful of fur pie. Unsurprisingly, the most exciting part about Portland strip clubs for us, is the food. This is because we are greedy food monsters. At local favorite Acropolis, the owners serve



steak from their cattle ranch (we suggest the steak bites smothered in sauce), ten-egg omelets for \$6 bucks, and 61 different draft beers. The environment in Portland is incredibly laidback, the strippers interact, play their own music, and run the gamut from tatted-up

Suicide Girls to inflatable-Barbie types. The no-contact law for lap dances blows, but hitting up the Nike employee store in the suburb of Beaverton (heh, heh) makes it worth the trip. ★



DIVINYLS, “HOT FOR TEACHER” VAN HALEN, “GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS” MOTLEY CRUE





# BLOOD, SWEAT &

## The Secret of Heatherette's Success

WORDS: MARY H.K. CHOI PHOTOS: BROOKE NIPAR









I had expected the duo behind Heatherette to be kinda mean. Their iPhones teem with sparkly socialites (Lydia Hearst, Olivia Palermo), New York nightlife cautionary tales (Michael Alig, Peter Gatten), celebrities (Pamela Anderson, Paris Hilton), musicians (Steven Tyler, Elton John), and artists (David LaChapelle, Kabuki), so you figure they're entitled to snobbery. Plus, their notorious shows and parties at Fashion Week are impossible to infiltrate, even with someone-who's-someone's business cards, a slick talk game, and the gumpation to throw 'bows.

In actuality, designers Traver Rains and Richie Rich are incredibly sweet and warm, and here's where I got it wrong. Heatherette is *not* the most popular girl in high school. Heatherette is the second most popular girl: more attractive than the fatty-waiting-to-happen in first place, aware of the pecking order, but gives way less of a shit about it.

The type who's savvy, kind, and gets really fly *after* walking the stage.

With that in mind, Heatherette has graduated. A financial backer has been found in the Weisfeld Group (the same dudes who fund FUBU) and their junior contemporary line, launched last year, is flying outta Federated Department Stores.

Conceived by club kid Rich and cowboy Rains, Heatherette is sitting pretty. Perched on the 66th floor of the Empire State Building to be exact. High above the franchise restaurants and waddles of tourists, and delirious leagues above the living room floor on which Rich and Rains first BeDazzled a bajillion T-shirts by hand in 1999.

And there's another thing people get twisted about the duo. Their lives are not yachts, soirées, unicorns, making out with famous people, and bubbly. Rich and Rains work. A lot. Rich, the more animated of the two, has platinum hair, clear and unmistakably clever blue

eyes, and articulately spouts from his enviably lush pout at the clip of a hamster's heartbeat—fast. He is originally from California, a trained figure skater, and completely hilarious. Despite the glitz and gluttony of the New York Club Kids and Party Monsters from whence he came, Rich has emerged from the '90s bright-eyed. In fact, he's so shiny and pretty that he appears computer graphically superimposed into a room. He is also that singular breed of person who absolutely everyone, regardless of their own coolness, keens to be liked by.

Traver Rains, 30, who you'll most often find beneath a cowboy hat, is from Montana, holds a degree in economics and international business from SMU, is a bonafide rodeo cowboy, and does much of the line's beadwork by hand. He is impressively quiet; there is no pause long or uncomfortable enough to prompt him to speak before he's fully considered his response. When he finally does answer, it's at a hair above





a hush and worth the wait. He's also so fucking handsome that on the rare occasion that you make him smile all the way to his glorious bluish-green eyes, you instantly feel sorta drunk.

Behind a spray painted silver door, Rich and Rains still grind. They're expected at L.A. Fashion Week the following Wednesday and between completing their Americana-inspired, Norman Rockwell-on-Adderall spring line -for the show that Jenna Jameson will open, getting their ducks in a row for a M.A.C. cosmetics collaboration, and readying a pop album that will feature beats from Madonna/Gwen Stefani producer Dallas Austin, the boys are busy, busy, busy. Plus, there's the issue of the *Missbehave* cover shoot happening next door, complete with a motley crew of Heatherette friends (Lydia, Olivia, Andre J, Jun), models (Rila, Ryan, Duran, Spencer), designers (CoCo, Mackie, Nicola Druker), and their plucky 22-year-old publicity director Lysee Webb. Again defying expectations, the relationships aren't

staged; everyone in the gallery met the boys over the years, care about each other, and actually hang out. Going to the movies is apparently a big pastime (Lydia Hearst is heavy into horror flicks. Who knew?), as are Broadway shows. More than pretty pictures, these are class photos.

#### So how'd you guys meet?

**Richie:** I was working for [NY party icon] Susanne Bartsch, and her little boy was taking horseback riding at Chelsea Piers and I used to skate there. I'd pick him up with her. One day she was like, "Oh, the instructor is oh-so-cute!" I look up and it's Traver. I was wearing leather pants and he was like, "I like your pants, did you make them?" And I'm like, "They're Gucci." That's how we met.

**It's beautiful to bond over Gucci. So you guys are actually fond of each other, not, like, just for show.**

**Traver:** The only time we spend apart is holidays.  
**R:** We've had our moments like, "Okay, let's go

our separate ways" but we end up doing a lot of social things together. It's funny, we'll be at a dive bar and people walk up to us like, "Wow, you guys really do hang out."

**People either think you're secretly married or desperately want you guys to be in love. Did you ever date?**

**T&R:** Oh my God!

**R:** We tried to in the very beginning, but it was clear that Heatherette was the romance. Everything went into it. When we both got boyfriends, we were so protective of Heatherette and each other. Our boyfriends saw that and it was a mess. Now it's all good, like, "Everybody calm down, nobody's going anywhere."

**It's rad that you could be cool afterwards. I don't even really sense a power struggle between you guys.**

**R:** We don't really do that.  
**T:** I disagree [smiles].



**Describe the day-to-day workings at Heatherette.**

**T:** Chaos theory. The day starts off with a hundred things flying at you, but we like doing different things, so it all gets done.

**You're remarkably dissimilar; what's the dynamic like?**

**R:** People think Traver hates them, but they'd understand if they saw where he came from. Traver came from cows. He's a lot more wary of people because of his upbringing.

**T:** I'm from Montana and I like being in front of horses with cows out on the range. You're just by yourself, not talking at all, and it takes forever—hours and hours—to go down a trail.

**I love that you're actually a cowboy and don't just play one on TV. How do you split up design duties?**

**R:** What we do isn't unlike how other people do it. We start with an inspiration—Madonna *Who's That Girl?*-era mixed with *Pirates of the Caribbean*, mixed with the circus. Then we stick it on boards and then we read books and research and watch the movies. Then we sketch.

**T:** Also, it means we're not set in our ways. Whenever we approach a project with an artist or photographer or whoever, we get inspired by them and go from there.

**Heatherette got a sizable break when you made the rhinestone "Carrie" shirts for *Sex in the City*. The show's stylist, Patricia Field, has helped a lot of people within the New York fashion scene. What's she like?**

**R:** I went to work with Pat at her store and she was like, "You know what? I think you're fabulous. I think you're a super star. You shouldn't be in retail, you should go out there and create something. You have It." I'm like, "What's It?" and she goes, "You just have It." She believes in people.

**T:** I love that she has one store. She created a whole world from one store.

**One seemingly small thing can alter everything. What's the story behind that shirt?**

**R:** We made them to wear at Pat's birthday party in Tokyo. I performed and made Traver do keyboards and we put our names on the shirts in glitter and rhinestones and Pat goes, "Those are fabulous, make one for Carrie and make one

produce the album because I asked, but I still have to go in the studio, do my thing, and work.

**Who's gonna be on the album?**

**R:** Lydia, Traver, different friends. Kelly Osborne, and Dita Von Teese might do a little rap. It's mostly pop with a little R&B, mixed with dance.

**Shut up! Dita rapping, that's insane. Okay, this is random, but I love that you visit malls and grant interviews to the most esoteric-ass American newspapers.**

**R&T:** [Laughing] Yeah.

**R:** I like all of that. I grew up in suburbia and that's what it's all about. Sitting at a table, reading the paper and getting your eyes opened like, "Who are these people?"

**Teenage girls are obsessed with Heatherette, and you're sweet to them.**

**R:** If a girl wants a prom dress and we can do it, we will. We've done things for \$10,000, we've done things for \$5,000, and we've done things for \$300. We just did one for a girl in Kuwait and she's going to wear a burkha over it.

.....  
*Our pieces have their own lives. It's so funny, they'll go out on photo shoots... running in and out all day. We're like, "Hey! where are you guys going?"*  
 .....

**You both sketch?**

**R:** I sketch. Traver doesn't like sketching, but he's really good at draping on forms and then taking the sketches and editing.

**So it sorta sounds like you pluck your inspirations from the ether.**

**R:** It's weird, we're always joking that we're living in a crystal ball with people watching us. For next season we'd already designed our headwear and then we saw John Galliano's caps that are exactly the ones we'd made.

**T:** That happens all the time.

**R:** It's so freaking annoying. We did this Little Indian collection very early on and then Tom Ford did his Little Indian, and we're like, "They can't do Indian!"

**Haters try to say you're not real designers because you didn't go to school for it. What's your rebuttal?**

**T:** We trained ourselves.

**R:** I'm happy we didn't have classic fashion-school training. I would think too much about it. I would've been too nervous to make anything. I'm not nervous now 'cause I don't need to prove anything.

for me." We were like, "Carrie?" Next thing we know, it's on billboards.

**T:** It was so surreal.

**R:** Then we were with Mariah Carey for her video shoot, then Aerosmith called, and then we decided we were getting into *Women's Wear Daily*.

**You just decided.**

**R:** We called and were like, "You're the fashion bible, can we do a little Heatherette thing?" They were like, "You need a model", and I go, "We've got the perfect one." We got Paris Hilton and we got a feature. It made us something, like, "Hi, we're here!" Trade magazines are powerful.

**No kidding. Do you always ask for things like that?**

**R:** Don't ask, don't get. All anybody can say is no.

**T:** But you've also got a knack for asking people in the right way. I'm not very good at asking for things. Richie's brilliant. Some people, you know, they make you feel good for giving them stuff.

**What's your secret?**

**R:** I've never personally felt entitled to anything. I hate spoiled kids. Asking for something and expecting something is different. I got Dallas to

**I don't think people give you nearly enough credit for some of your one-of-a-kind pieces.**

**R:** I'm a huge Lacroix fan. We did this one piece for a circus collection that had ten thousand rhinestones that Traver did by hand. It took hours and hours.

**T:** Our pieces have their own lives. It's so funny, they'll go out on photo shoots... running in and out all day.

**R:** We're like, "Hey, where are you guys going?"

**You guys have a financier, which is what every boutique company prays for. Were you bought out? People think you sold the company outright for \$6 million.**

**R:** People put it in Page Six and it's all just downtown gossip. It used to bother me. Press is weird, but whatever, if you Google "Richie Rich" you get a pop up of Macauley Culkin. That's awesome.

**That's amazing. So they didn't just buy you?**

**R:** No. That would've been just like selling our name and saying do what you wanna. At the end of the day my face is Heatherette and Traver's face is Heatherette. If we sold it and moved on, Heatherette wouldn't be the real deal.







**You launched your contemporary line last year. A lot of high-end labels put out garbage when catering to juniors. Bless y'all for making a sick, flattering, inexpensive hoodie.**

**R:** Our contemporary stuff is nicer than it has to be and we're trying to make it even nicer. We don't want to be Forever 21. They knocked us off, actually, and we laughed. It's flattering. I never wanted to be cornered; I've always been like, "I wanna be in department stores." Traver was wary about it.

**T:** Well, I don't know, I mean, I haven't really rushed things like that before. And I felt like, I'll just kinda hop in organically. Once you go commercial after you've reached that cool factor... On the other hand, Warhol made commercial cool.

**R:** Right. Besides, the cool factor is that we're not cool. We're just us.

**Oh, stop. People sweat you like crazy. On the topic of cool, the Club Kids were con-**

**sidered really cool but many of them are either in jail, like Michael Alig, or dead.**

**How'd you come out unscathed?**

**R:** It's 'cause I never got into the drugs. I moved to New York in like '93. Michael saw me and Amanda Lepore and all these freaks and sluts and started telling me that I was a Club Kid. It was a great time but half of the Kids were heavily into drugs. I wasn't raised like that, my mom would've killed me. I didn't want to crash and burn and I've never needed instant gratification. I've been a figure skater all my life and trained hard every day. Drugs have rat poison in them. Bring me somethin' else, bring me Chanel, bring me champagne, bring me M.A.C.!

**Oooooooh! We're stoked that you have a M.A.C. line coming out in the spring. You've been besties with them for a while, huh?**

**T:** He loves, loves, loves, makeup.

**R:** M.A.C. cosmetics has been on my face since day one. They put RuPaul in their ads instead of *Vogue* cover girls. Hello? That's why I love them.

**T:** You should see the David LaChapelle video we did for our first show. It's Amanda, with no clothes on, putting on lipstick and she ends up with it all over. Hot pink M.A.C. lipstick running down. [We showed it] And then she walked out. We always laugh that our first show was a naked model and no clothes! Just M.A.C. makeup!

**You guys are settled with boyfriends and have a billion dogs between you. Given any thoughts to retirement or slowing down?**

**T:** I don't know. I like going back and looking at our old collections because it's cool that we've done things that I still love. If we can continue to do that regardless of trends and seasons...

**R:** Dolly Parton has this great career and a great life, and she has this great quote, "I hope I just drop dead singing one of the songs I wrote." I'm gonna do Heatherette 'til I'm dead. You know me, I just love all this. ★



MAKEUP BY ROBERT GREENE FOR M.A.C., HAIR BY MARGUERITE JUKES & AARON PURSELL FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE, NAILS BY CHRISTINA ZULETA, MAKEUP ASSISTANTS: AYA KOMATSU & HOPE CHOMAN



A collage of images showcasing Medusa's Make-Up products. At the top left is an open black compact of "electro red" eyeshadow with a pink-handled "angle eyeliner brush" resting inside. The compact lid features the "MEDUSA'S MAKE-UP" logo with an eye graphic. To the right is a close-up of a person's face with vibrant, multi-colored makeup (green, yellow, purple, white) around the eyes and on the lips. At the bottom left is a small jar of "big bird" yellow glitter. The background is black with a grid of colorful squares. A white banner at the bottom right contains the text "what's your color?".

**MEDUSA'S  
MAKE-UP**

**electro red**

*\*MEDUSA'S MAKE-UP\**  
**angle eyeliner brush**

**big bird**

*what's your color?*

**WWW.MEDUSASMAKEUP.COM**



# ROCK STAR

Devilish Richesse



PHOTOS: **RYAN MICHAEL KELLY** STYLE: **ALLISON MILLER**



HAIR: AMY FARID @ SEE MANAGEMENT FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE, MAKEUP: ROBERT GREENE @ SEE MANAGEMENT FOR M.A.C., MODEL: GAIL @ MARILYN

COAT BY **FORNARINA**, JACKET & LEGGINGS BY **JC DE CASTELBAJAC**, BRACELETS FROM **URBAN OUTFITTERS**  
RINGS BY **NOIR NYC**, OPPOSITE PAGE: JUMPSUIT BY **55DSL**  
JACKET BY **FORNARINA**, TANK BY **ADIDAS RESPECT M.E.**  
SHOES BY **REPORT SIGNATURE**, RINGS BY **NOIR NYC**





HAT BY ALEXANDRE HERCHCOVITCH, JACKET  
BY DIESEL, PANTS BY PAUL & JOE, GOLD COAT BY BB  
DAKOTA, LEG WARMERS FROM URBAN OUTFITTERS





SWEATER BY **DIESEL**, JACKET BY **PAUL & JOE SISTER**  
LEGGINGS BY **NORMA KAMALI FOR EVERLAST**  
BELT FROM **URBAN OUTFITTERS**, RINGS BY **NOIR NYC**





TOP BY **GREY ANT**, VEST BY **55DSL**  
SHORTS BY **ALEXANDRE HERCHOVITCH**  
BELT FROM **URBAN OUTFITTERS**



SWEATER & BELTS BY **FORNARINA**, JACKET BY  
**ALICE MCCALL**, PANTS BY **ADIDAS ORIGINALS**









HAIR: STACI CHILD USING REDKEN FOR CUTLER NYC/KRAMER & KRAMER, MAKEUP: KRISTIN CALLEGOS @ SEE MANAGEMENT, NAILS BY CHRISTINA ZULETA @ DE FACTO, MODEL: SARAH SEEWER @ MARILYN AGENCY

# Tie Dye FOR!

High Drama  
Dappled Duds

PHOTOS: **BROOKE NIPAR** STYLE: **RACHEL GILMAN**

TURTLENECK BY **WE LOVE COLORS**, VEST BY **THE BREED**, EARRINGS BY  
**RACHEL GILMAN**, RING BY **BERNS ROTHCHILD**, BRACELETS &  
JEWEL RINGS BY **NOIR**, SILVER & GOLD BANGLES BY **JUST SWEET**









JACKET BY **DARYL K.**, LEGGINGS BY **ALICE MCCALL**, LEOTARD &  
SOCKS BY **WE LOVE COLORS**, HEELS BY **LUCIOUS**, EARRINGS BY  
**RACHEL GILMAN**, RING BY **NOIR NYC**, NECKLACE BY **FAUX/REAL**









VEST BY **SASS & BIDE**, LEGGINGS BY  
**KSUBI**, LEOTARD BY **WE LOVE COLORS**,  
EARRINGS BY **RACHEL GILMAN**, RING BY  
**NOIR NYC**, HEELS BY **LUCIOUS**





DRESS BY **ALICE MCCALL**, TOP AND TIGHTS BY **WE LOVE  
COLORS**, HEELS BY **LUCIOUS**, EARRINGS BY **RACHEL GILMAN**  
NECKLACE BY **FAUX/REAL**, BANGLES BY **JUST SWEET**





JACKET BY **KAREN WALKER**, PANTY & TIGHTS  
BY **WE LOVE COLORS**, HEELS BY **HOUSE**  
OF **DEREON**, EARRINGS BY **RACHEL GILMAN**



# ROOM SERVICE

35 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK, NY 10010

The girls taking a bathroom break at Manhattan's Room Service were there for mere moments at a time—a quick wipe of the brow, mirror check, and lipstick touch-up. They didn't want to miss any of the raucous, all night, rump-shaking celebration that was *Missbehave's* one year birthday party. Not only were they a stunningly stylish crew, but hilarious to boot. Is it any coincidence that this mag could pull such an awesome crowd? We think not!

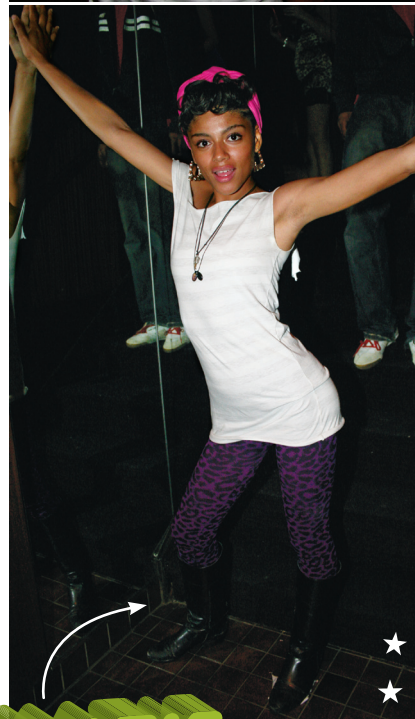


**JISOO**

**Age: 25** When did you move to New York City? 2004 What do you do for a living? Art director What was your first job here? Intern at *Mass Appeal* magazine Who is your fashion idol or fave designer? Vena Cava and Proenza Schouler What kind of music are you listening to lately? The new Kanye. I'm also liking New Order and Joy Division. Favorite place to shop? Flea markets, Opening Ceremony, and Oak in Brooklyn What shoes bring you the most happiness? Miu Miu platforms What's your dating status? Newly single What's your most used gadget? iPod, I always have my big Sony headphones on What fashion faux pas makes you cringe? Girls wearing oversized eye glasses, that whole faux geek look. Why would you aspire to look like a librarian? Describe the biggest asshole you ever had the misfortune of dating. I've never dated an asshole. I've learned something from every relationship.

**DIGNA**

**Age: 26** When did you move to New York City? When I was 2 What do you do for a living? I'm a designer. What was your first job here? Telemarketing Who is your fashion idol or fave designer? Gaultier What kind of music are you listening to lately? R&B Favorite place to shop? Thrift stores What shoes bring you the most happiness? BCBG sandals What's your dating status? A boyfriend and a really good friend What's your most used gadget? My cell phone and iPod What fashion faux pas makes you cringe? Your hair has to be done; you cannot walk around with a messed-up weave. Describe the biggest asshole you ever had the misfortune of dating. He broke my embroidery machine because he thought I paid too much attention to it.



**KATIE**

**Age: 22** When did you move to New York City? Five years ago What do you do for a living? Stylist What was your first job here? Intern for DVF Who is your fashion idol or fave designer? The women of *Dynasty* What kind of music are you listening to lately? R&B, hip hop, and Amy Winehouse Favorite place to shop? Beacon's Closet—the one in Williamsburg What shoes bring you the most happiness? High heel oxfords What's your dating status? I have a boyfriend. What's your most used gadget? Cell phone What fashion faux pas makes you cringe? Socks with sandals and pre-fab charm necklaces. How hard is it to find your own charms? Describe the biggest asshole you ever had the misfortune of dating. We weren't even dating all that seriously and he sprang a threesome on me with an unattractive female friend. It was a threesome ambush!



# NATILLAG

**Age:** 25 **When did you move to New York City?** I was born and raised on the Lower East Side. **What do you do for a living?** I work at 205 Bar and I rep for *Bombin'* magazine. **What was your first job here?** A job selling shoes on West 4<sup>th</sup> Street **Who is your fashion idol or fave designer?** I'm inspired by my dad, Albert Yepez. He was in fashion. My parents were socialists and growing up, we weren't allowed to buy Nikes. **What kind of music are you listening to lately?** Green Velvet and Baltimore club **Favorite place to shop?** Centricity on East 4<sup>th</sup> Street. I love vintage shopping and flea markets. **What shoes bring you the most happiness?** My Lanvins—they're Mary Janes with steel details on the back **What's your dating status?** Very single and ready to mingle with a capital M! **What's your most used gadget?** My cell phone. I text message all the time. **What fashion faux pas makes you cringe?** Those giant beads that everyone likes to wear and skinny jeans on guys. Give it up, it's over! **Describe the biggest asshole you ever had the misfortune of dating.** This guy who told me he didn't work because he didn't want to pay taxes.



# SINCERELY

**Age:** 23 **When did you move to New York City?** 2003 **What do you do for a living?** Model and working at a non-profit called Model Mission to help inner-city young girls **What was your first job here?** The cover of *Black Men* magazine's swimsuit issue **Who is your fashion idol or fave designer?** For fashion idol, model Liya Kebede and then for designers, Valentino and Versace **What kind of music are you listening to lately?** Amy Winehouse—her first album included, and bossa nova, especially Astrud Gilberto **Favorite place to shop?** Barneys and the W Hotel boutique. You'd never guess, but they carry the newest and hottest designers. **What shoes bring you the most happiness?** My Louboutins **What's your dating status?** Single, dating and married—all three! **What's your most used gadget?** BlackBerry **What fashion faux pas makes you cringe?** I hate black and brown together in a fashion shoot. **Describe the biggest asshole you ever had the misfortune of dating.** A millionaire who wanted me to be his trophy. He took me away from my work because he knew that's how he could control me. It was hard to break away from the money, but at some point you have to realize that your self-worth matters more than a \$300 bathing suit.

# TENNILE

**Age:** 21 **When did you move to New York City?** South Bronx, born and bred **What do you do for a living?** I work at the Chop Shop. **What was your first job here?** A hostess at a restaurant **Who is your fashion idol or fave designer?** Ralph Lauren, who I just learned is also from the Bronx. Me and Ralph Lifshitz, we have that connection. **What kind of music are you listening to lately?** Baltimore club and booty bass **Favorite place to shop?** Uniqlo **What shoes bring you the most happiness?** My Jordan 3s **What's your dating status?** Single **What's your most used gadget?** My best friend's iBook **What fashion faux pas makes you cringe?** Harlem streetwear; it's way too flashy **Describe the biggest asshole you ever had the misfortune of dating.** I used to date a skater. In general they're all separated from reality and every single one of them is out of their fucking mind.



WORDS: *Lois Sakany*  
PHOTOS: *Emily Rawlings*



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# FOOT FAULT

## FASHION GRAVEYARD

Name Comfy shoes Case No. 006  
Date of Death Winter 2007  
Cause of Death Obesity



Ugg. Mukluk. Clog. Croc. It's no coincidence that such shoes sound like onomatopoeia for vomiting. Holy drawstring pants, if you're gonna give up on being presentable, at least have the decency to never leave your house, solder yourself to the sofa, and eat hydrogenated cheez foods until you have to be forklifted straight into the emergency room. At least that way I don't have to look at you. Twining a piece of tire to your foot is acceptable if you're poor and getting from A to B in rural Iztapalapa, but I'd rather eat aforementioned fat person than shuffle around on the lurid swatches of perforated rubber known as the Croc.

This is because I have standards. I don't care if you're a walking hamertoe with a pulsating web of varicose veins, there is no reason why any ambulatory woman should be wearing overly comfortable shoes and pretending that they're cute. I'm not eschewing sneakers, and this is not a diatribe against all non-heeled shoes—just hideous ones that no human person can ever pull off. Look, hipster, just because there's a little white plas-

tic buckle on the fug peep toe or a loamy half-hearted, half-inch wedge heel on your orthopedic shoe doesn't make them "hot" in a "retro" way.

The foot is a wondrous creation. There are 26 bones in each and the totaled 52 constitute a quarter of all the bones in your entire body. Yay. Your podiatrist will argue that it's savage to mash them into the meager triangle of a stiletto heeled pump d'Orsay. And Osteoarthritis-from-your-soft-tissue-overcompensating-for-the-off-kilter-gait is a bitch. I get it. Backs are for hurting. Feet are for blistering. That's the cost of doing business with spectacularly beautiful heels. The sheer fuckedupness of my feet rivals that of a prima ballerina's, but every bludgeoned bunion and tested metatarsal was an evening of looking like a damn goddess, hoisted atop the pedestal of five-inch stacked stilettos. It's about making an effort. If such creations are called fuck-me heels, the squishy sole of the Ugg must be called fuck-anyone-else-cause-I-have-a-raging-yeast-infection-from-wearing-bikini-bottoms-for-underpants heels.

PHOTO: CARLIN MAYER



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